

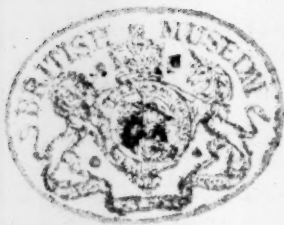
THE
AUCTION:
A
Modern Novel.

—————*You cheat the World*
With florid Outside, till you meet Surprise;
Then Conscience, working inwards like a Mole,
Crumbles the Surface, and reveals the Dirt
From which your Actions spring.

If you would have the Nuptial Union last.
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:
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T H E
A U C T I O N.

C H A P. I.

*Against the Head which Innocence secures
Insidious Malice aims her Darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful Breath
of Heav'n.*

WE shall now return to Mr. *Wor-*
thy, whom on his Bed we left
passing the Night in restless
its Dreams, till the rising Sun darted
Rays upon him, and roused him too
soon for his own Satisfaction; he was in
the same uneasy Condition, and aggra-
vated his present Wretchedness by re-
VOL. II. *L* B *flecting*

reflecting how happy he had been (sometimes for whole Hours together) with the modest, sensible, and gentle *Fanny*. He was lost in these Reflexions, when *Ned* knocked at the door. He asked who it was, but not till *Ned* had continued knocking by Intervals some Minutes, for the People of the House had assured him, that his Master was in his Room. *Ned's* Voice was Music to his distracted Mind before he heard the Reason of his Impatience; but when he had opened the Door, *Ned* cried out, O, dear Sir, *Fanny* is innocent, innocent as an Angel; and would have proceeded, but his Master caught him in his Arms, and squeezing him, said, Repeat it *Ned*, repeat it a thousand Times; if the lovely Maid is innocent and living, I'll search the remotest Corners of the Earth for her; my whole Life shall be spent in the Pursuit; and if at last she is found, though in my dying Hour, I shall then be happy, at least for a few Moments, whilst I tell her how much I have loved, and how much I have suffered. Thus he ran on in a Tragic Stile, while he clasped *Ned* in his Arms, forgetting probably, that it was *Ned*; but when his Rapture was a little over, he cried, Tell me, *Ned*, all thou

thou knowest of her, and I'll forgive thy Intrigue with *Kitty*. God bless you, Sir; here is Good come out of Evil. If I had not played with *Kitty*, I should not have brought you this brave News. Then he related as much of *Kitty's* History as was requisite to convince his eager Master that *Fanny's* Virtue was impregnable. Mr. *Worthy* put some Gold into the Hands of *Ned*, and ran to communicate the joyful Tidings to Mrs. *Lockhart* and the whole Family in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where a satisfactory Joy, though not a Lover's Rapture, was felt. The only Care now was, to find *Fanny*; but as all Efforts hitherto used had proved ineffectual, they were obliged to wait the Event of Time. Thus we will leave them, and return to *Fanny*, who sought for agreeable Amusement in *Gloucestershire*; and endeavour to drive from her Mind the Image of Mr. *Worthy*; but this difficult task she was not equal to, for love had grown with her Years, and was so rooted in her very Soul, that it was impossible to irradicate it; she mourned in Silence, and if she could not appear chearful, she shewed no Signs of Uneasiness. Mrs. *Weldon* supplied the Place of a Mother, nay, she was more

4 The A U C T I O N .

so than the Lady who had long borne the Name. *Fanny* had desired upon her first coming there to be concealed, that is, so far as not to have her Name and Family known, and for this Reason she was only known to the Servants by the Name of Miss *Collins*. Mrs. *Weldon*'s Jointure was to descend at her Death to a Nephew of her Husband's, for she had no Son. The young Gentleman, who was of a gay Disposition, at this Time came to pay his Aunt a Visit, and casting his Eye on *Fanny*, with great Impatience desired to know who she was. Mrs. *Weldon* gave him an undeterminate Answer, only declaring for certain, that she was a Gentlewoman, and deserved Respect. This, and more, Mr. *Weldon* was inclined to shew her, for her Beauty and Modesty charmed him. Mrs. *Weldon* saw that he regarded her with a Lover's Eye, and thought a Marriage between them eligible on both Sides; she resolved to consult *Fanny*'s Inclinations before she took any Notice of it to him: She proposed it to her as a Thing she approved of; but at the same Time left her Will unbiassed and free to chuse or refuse him; for the good Lady thought mutual Love an absolute necessary Ingredient among

some others to make a happy Marriage. *Fanny* paused a few Moments, and then burst into Tears, saying, Dear Madam, I shall be very unhappy if I disoblige you, but my Heart is still rebellious to my Wishes; I cannot forget Mr. *Worthy*, and will not injure a deserving Gentleman so far as to encourage his Addressees, while my Heart is engaged to another. Mrs. *Weldon* applauded her ingenuous behaviour, and they agreed still to conceal her Name from Mr. *Weldon*. *Fanny* carefully avoided being alone with him, while he sought all Opportunities to disclose his Passion. As his Behaviour to her had been agreeable to the strictest Virtue; he wondered from whence her extreme Caution proceeded, and was puzzled to find who or what she was: His Servant was employed to enquire in the House concerning her; but he could learn nothing, except that she was brought from *London*. The Lady's Maid, who was in some Degree privy to her History, would tell nothing, till the young Fellow thought of an expedient to remove this cautious Behaviour; he feigned a Passion for her, and managed it so well, that he extracted from her all that she knew concerning *Fanny*, which was, that

she had escaped from a Gentleman's House, where she had been kept as a Mistress, and fled for Protection to her Mistress's Daughter, whose House was contiguous to the Gentleman's. This convinced Mr. *Weldon* that *Fanny* was already in a Situation not to be injured by him; yet he felt no Pleasure in the Thought; he loved her, and would rather have heard that she had been strictly virtuous. From this Time he resolved to get Possession of her, and without marrying to live with her as long, at least as his Passion lasted. Mrs. *Weldon* and Family were then about to leave *Gloucestershire*, and to go for *London*. Mr. *Weldon* would not have spent so much Time with an old Aunt, if the charming *Fanny* had not been there. Miss *Brown* had too, in some Measure, forgot her Sorrows, and was now an agreeable Companion; but Mrs. *Weldon*, who only knew *Fanny's* Birth, made a great Difference between the young Ladies, which Mr. *Weldon* wondered at, as he now knew that they both came from the same House.

Mrs. *Weldon* had procured a ready furnished House to be prepared in *London*, for the Reception of her Family, which
was

was become rather too large to carry to her Daughter's as usual. Mr. *Weldon* attended the Ladies to Town, and took a Lodging so near Mrs. *Weldon's* House, that he could see the Door: He was determined to get *Fanny* by some Means into his Power, in which Pursuit we will leave him, and return to the Family in *Yorkshire*.

C H A P. II.

*I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I see
now---for my bitter Wife---*

SIR *William* since the Death of his Son had relished no Pleasure; Grief had seized his Mind so forcibly, that he seemed quite melancholy: His Lady and Daughter shewed no Regard for him; *Charlotte's* whole Thought was employed with anticipating the Joys that she expected to meet in *London*; and her Mother's in the Hope that *Fanny* would never return, and that her Daughter might become Heir to all her Father's Fortune. Mrs. *Worthy* was left in the Country to mourn over her dying Daughter: She desired Sir *William* to be attentive to her Son's Actions in *London*, and if *Fanny* was found, there to make him happy with her, if she was inclined to it. Sir *William* said he desired no other Blessing in Life, than to see them united; yet he would not promise to use so much as Arguments to persuade the poor Girl to it; adding, it is Time for
her

her to enjoy some Satisfaction, for hitherto she has known none. He had, since his Son's Death, had Time for Reflexion, and by comparing *Fanny's* Mother with his present Lady, and his two Daughter's together, found a Disparity that shocked him; the Cruelty by which he had killed one of the best of Women, now touched his Conscience: He strove to bear his present Misery with Patience, and to consider it as a just Judgment upon him. He saw himself totally neglected at Home, and without a Friend abroad; for as all his Acquaintance had been among the unthinking Part of Mankind, whose only Pursuit was Pleasure; no Wonder that he was forsaken in the Days of Affliction; his only Resource was an Expectation of again seeing his *Fanny*; this caused him to leave *Yorkshire* for *London*; nothing else could have drawn him there; nor indeed would he have gone at last, had he been acquainted with a Piece of News that his Lady heard a few Days before they left the Country. She had desired Mrs. *Basset* to provide a genteel Servant for *Charlotte* in *London*, not thinking the Country Maids sufficiently accomplished, as she designed the young Lady should ap-

pear as an Heirefs to a large Fortune, hoping by this Means, to marry her to some Nobleman, before *Fanny* was heard of. Mrs. *Bafnet* procured a Maid-Servant apparently fuitable to the Place, and sent her soon to *Park Forest*. *Charlotte* was delighted to fee fo fine a Servant, and was immediately fo free as to communicate all the History of the Family to her, and, among other Things, spoke of *Fanny's* Elopement, and added some fatyrical Speeches, that plainly fhewed the young Woman how she stood affected towards her unfortunate Sister. This encouraged the Maid to tell all that she had heard concerning *Fanny*, for the Girl had enquired of Mrs. *Bafnet's* Servants fome Particulars relative to the Family she was about to live in ; and as this was before *Fanny's* Innocence appeared, she heard every Thing to her Difadvantage, which she now repeated to *Charlotte*, in whose Eyes Joy was conspicuous, on hearing a Story which ought to have filled a Sister's Heart with Sorrow. The malignant *Charlotte* no fooner heard the Conclusion, than she ran to tell it to her Parents ; but luckily Sir *William* was in the Garden, and fo efaped hearing what must have not only prevented his Journey

ney, but would probably have broke his Heart, for he had great Confidence in *Fanny's* Virtue, which had supported him under his Loss of her. Lady *Forrester* on hearing this sad Account of *Fanny*, did not rejoice, as her Daughter did, but considered how to proceed, and concluded with resolving not to acquaint Sir *William*, but to leave the disagreeable Task to his *London* Friends, and the rather so, as they knew it would prevent his Journey, and then Decency would oblige her and *Charlotte* to stay at Home. Lady *Forrester* had since her Marriage been yearly saving Money, all which she now carried to *London*, resolving to adorn *Charlotte* with it. Sir *William*, at his Lady's Request, had bought a new Coach, in which they all set out, leaving Mrs. *Worthy* to attend her consumptive Daughter.

The envious *Charlotte* on the Road was continually exaggerating the Guilt of Disobedience, and the Wickedness of those Children who ran precipitately on without the Advice of their Parents, and always added, that it shewed a vicious Inclination, and they seldom after returned to a regular Course of Life, generally descending from one Step to another,

ther, till they became sunk in Ruin, past all Redemption. This, though too often true, was not, however, properly adapted to *Fanny*; and in the Sequel, *Charlotte* herself verified her own Words. Sir *William* made not the expected Application of her Words, for he never had considered *Fanny* as disobedient, but distressed.

The last Day of their Journey they dined at *Barnet*, and while Dinner was getting ready, Lady *Forrester*, her Daughter, and the new Maid, walked into the Garden; Sir *William* was gone there before them, and seated in a little Summer-House, under the Walls of which they passed, and just when they were within his Hearing, *Charlotte* said aloud, What will Papa say to Night, when he hears that *Fanny* has turned out both a Whore and Thief. Her Mamma answered, No Matter what he says, it is good enough for him; he indulged her too much, and would not allow me to correct her; what else could he expect, when she dared to go without my Leave to Mr. *White's*. Sir *William* heard this, and more of the same, for the Maid repeated Part of what she had before told them: He felt the Agonies again, which
had

had torn his Heart when his Son died; even Hope now seemed to be struck dead. From the Observations he had made at Home since the Loss of *Fanny*, he saw that *Charlotte* shewed a total Disregard to every commendable Quality that should adorn a young Lady; she was forward and bold, affecting to appear masculine and daring; she had gathered Strength from her Mother's Weakness, who now had no Power to controul her: The Lady herself was not quite blind to her Imperfections, yet abated not in her Indulgence. Sir *William* forgot where he was, and being quite absorbed in Grief, he sunk by Degrees from his Seat, and fell on the Floor, where he lay wishing for Death, or Annihilation, or any End to his present Unhappiness: He was racked with Reflection at his present Woe and past Conduct; his injured Lady now no more, and her ruined Daughter, were a Load upon his Conscience: In this State of unutterable Grief he lay, while all the Family were employed in searching for him; Dinner waited, no Body had seen him go into the Garden, and the Ladies had been there a considerable Time, and not met with him; they returned there again, and a

Servant

Servant who had followed them, had his Hand upon the Door of the Summer-House to open it, when *Charlotte*, who was looking in at the Window, said, My Papa is not there (for as he lay on the Floor she did not see him.) They searched every Corner and Avenue about the House and Gardens, but in vain; and *Charlotte* observing to her Mamma, that her Papa had been melancholy ever since her Brother's Death, made them both conclude he was drowned; yet they both had Philosophy enough to forbear outrageous Lamentations; they comforted one another, and went strait to Dinner. Lady *Forrester's* Thoughts were busily employed in considering the Consequences of such an Accident in Relation to his Fortune, and *Charlotte* seeing her look grave, concluded, that it was proper for her to do so too, tho' she felt no Manner of Concern. The Lady could not think of leaving the Place till his Body was found, and as they were expected in *London* that Night, she dispatched a Messenger with the melancholy News to Mr. *Basnet*; but the Man was no sooner gone, than a little Boy belonging to the House came in, and said the Gentleman was dead in the Summer-

mer-House. Lady *Forrester* screamed, and *Charlotte* made a Cry; they both sat still, and desired that the Body might be brought into the House; but the Landlord, whose Grief had not stupified him, sent for a Surgeon, saying, perhaps it is only a Fit; he went himself with his Servants, and Sir *William's*, who being really afflicted for the Death of their good Master, began to be a little noisy in their Sorrow, saying, he was one of the best of Masters, at the same Time cursing aloud their Lady and *Charlotte* for being unconcerned at so great a Loss. Now, says they, they will gallant it their own Way; they drove away poor *Fanny*, and now have killed the best Master that ever was born.

Sir *William* was neither dead, nor in a Fit, he heard all these Words; and when they opened the Door, to their Surprise, he appeared leaning upon his Elbow; they all stared at him some Moments, till a Servant cried out, Thank God for the Sight. The Landlord said, The Ladies are in the utmost Concern on your Absence: I beg Sir, you'll permit me to support you in your Way to the Parlour. Sir *William* ordered them all to leave him that Moment, and spoke
2 with

with a Voice that let them know he would be obeyed. They strait carried this Information to the Ladies, who were settling Matters for future Grandeur. The Landlord entered the Room, and with great Joy cried, Good News, Ladies; the Gentleman is alive and well, only he seems to be a little out of Humour. The Ladies received his Tidings with apparent Indifference, and spoke, with so much Coldness, that the Landlord retired a little disappointed, for he expected at least that Decency would oblige them to appear with Transport. The Servants felt real Joy, and shewed it by every Word and Action. The Ladies then arose, and went to the Summer-house, and invited Sir *William* to Dinner, Lady *Forrester* saying they had waited till Dinner was near spoiled, and then made but an indifferent Meal, as they were so perplexed about him; she took no Notice of their Apprehensions, for she would not give herself the Trouble to feign a Joy she did not feel. Sir *William* answered her in a Tone and Manner he had seldom used. They all went into the House. The Lady wondered what sudden Thought had affected his Mind so much; he looked like one
distracted,

distracted, for he was absent when asked the most necessary Questions: His Silence the Landlord took for Assent, and quickly brought in a Rump Stake, which Sir *William* bad him to take back. His Lady had ordered the Coach without taking any Notice to him, and on it being brought to the Door, she asked if he was ready to set out. I am undetermined, says he, whether I shall proceed to *London*, or go back to *Park Forest*. This answer shagined the Lady, but they could get no other, and were obliged to leave the Room, for Sir *William* ordered to be left alone. The Lady now concluded, that he was on the Verge of Madness; *Charlotte* wished he was in *London*, that he might be confined in *Bedlam*; but his Lady thought a private Mad-house better; the one or the other they destined for his Habitation. Mean Time he was revolving in his Mind all the Errors of his Life, and deducing his present Misfortunes from them; he was wretched beyond any Condition that the easy Mind can imagine; he wished for Solitude, and had resolved once to return Home, and shut himself up there; but then, where was *Fanny*! He wanted a Solution of the Words he had heard,
and

and when he remembered that *Charlotte* said, he would hear it at Night, he started up suddenly, and went out of the House, and got into the Coach; the Ladies were in the Garden; the Maid saw him, and ran to them, saying, she was really afraid that her Master was disordered in his Mind, for he looked like one melancholy mad. *Charlotte* said, she would not go in the Coach with him, it was not safe; but his Lady answered, he is not so far gone yet as to make it dangerous; besides, melancholy Persons hurt no Body but themselves. The Lady discharged the House, and they got into the Coach, where, asking him a few Questions, and receiving no Answer, they concluded him insensible, and talked of indifferent Things. The Lady had never once remembered in all this Time, that she had sent a Messenger to *London*, nor did she recollect it till they saw Mr. *Basnet's* Coach coming to meet them, for the Messenger she had sent was an old Servant of Sir *William's*; he had no particular Orders, because the Lady was not composed enough to think on what was proper; he was only to say, that a Misfortune had prevented their reaching *London* that Night; but
 he

he saw and heard what was sufficient to convince him that his Master had obliged his Wife and Daughter in putting an End to his own Life; for he concluded he was drowned, and when he came to Mr. *Basnet's* told them so without Hesitation. Mrs. *Lockhart* was seized with unutterable Sorrow; she did not, however, shew it in so violent a Degree as she felt it, because Mrs. *Basnet* was in the last Month of her Pregnancy, and her extreme Fondness for her Mother made her watch the Emotion of her Mind, and participate in all her Happiness or Affliction. It was concluded at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* that Mr. *Basnet* and Mrs. *Lockhart* should immediately set out for *Barnet* to assist and comfort the Ladies. Mrs. *Lockhart* was no sooner at Liberty to complain, than she began to give Vent to the Grief that oppressed her; a River of Tears gave her a momentary Relief; but they were only Palliatives, not Remedies: Her Brother's precipitate Death had endangered his Salvation, and that Thought would admit of no Allevation to her Sorrow. Mr. *Basnet* saw the Condition she was in, and thought Words of Comfort impertinent, till the first Violence was over; he was humane

humane, and a Christian, and therefore was himself greatly affected, and more inclined to weep with her than restrain her Tears; they were in this Condition when the Coach stopped, and each looked out at the different Sides. Mrs. *Lockhart* saw her Brother, who was himself looking out of his Coach to see what had occasioned the Stand; she screamed out with Joy, crying, my Brother! O my Brother! and immediately got out of the Coach. Sir *William* too, who now thought her his only Friend, got out to meet her; she clasped him in her Arms, and said, Praised be the Lord for this unexpected Blessing. Sir *William* was at a loss for the Meaning of this Rapture, till Mr. *Basnet* with Tears of Joy seized his Hand, and squeezing it, said, O Sir, we heard you was dead; I am myself transported to see you well. Sir *William* asked how they had heard any Thing concerning him; and then with a Sigh, that amounted to almost a Groan, said, I wish it was so. The other Ladies had by this Time joined them, and the usual Compliments of Relations passed among them. Sir *William* said, he was desirous to accompany his Sister in
her

The A U C T I O N. 21

her Coach, and Mr. *Bafnet* proposed taking his Place; this was approved of on all Sides, for Sir *William* had not spoke one Word since he left *Barnet*, and his Companions were heartily tired of him.

C H A P.

CHAP. III.

*Against the Head which Innocence secures
Insidious Malice aims her Darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful Breath
of Heaven.*

LADY Forrester and Charlotte both longed to hear some Particulars of *Fanny's* Ruin; they were no sooner seated, than they with an Eagerness and Unconcern that shocked Mr. *Basnet*, enquired what was become of that wicked undone Creature *Fanny*. He repeated their Words, saying, Wicked and undone; I don't understand you, Ladies: I am sure she is not wicked, and should be sincerely afflicted to hear that she was undone. I hope she is safe and well, though we have not been so fortunate as to find her yet. This Answer, and the affectionate Manner in which it was spoken, quite disconcerted the Ladies; they could not help looking grave while Mr. *Basnet* told the Dangers that *Fanny* had escaped, and intermixed his Account with Praises

Praises of her Virtue and Fortitude, which they could not avoid professing to approve, tho' disappointed in their Wishes. Mean Time Sir *William* unburthened his Mind to Mrs. *Lockhart*, crying, O Sister, how shall I support the Misfortune that *Fanny's* Ruin loads me with! I cannot bear it; I have occasioned it; my Conscience accuses me: Her injured Mother's Ghost haunts me. Mrs. *Lockhart* wept, and said, she hoped *Fanny* was not ruined, though all their Endeavours to find her had been ineffectual. Not ruined, he replied; what is being ruined, if being both Whore and Thief is not so? Heavens forbid that ever she should be either! The good Lady said, No, if she has been indiscreet, she is virtuous still, you may rely on that; and her Indiscretion hardly deserves the Name. She would have proceeded, but Sir *William* stopped her, saying, Don't sooth my Sorrow with false Hope; I heard my Daughter *Charlotte* say at *Barnet*, that she was both Whore and Thief, which the Maid you sent confirmed. Mrs. *Lockhart* expressed her Surprise, while Sir *William* said this, till he told her the Particulars he had heard, which unravelled the Case. Mrs. *Lockhart* soon cleared up the Mistake of the Maid-Servant,

which was a necessary Cordial to Sir *William's* drooping Spirits. Is my *Fanny* innocent ! cried he, O the dear distressed Angel ! How can thy undeserving Father ever merit a Blessing so great as this ! But where can we find her ? She is, perhaps, this Moment suffering the Cruelty of some enraged Villain, who, disappointed by her Virtue, will revenge it either by ravishing or imprisoning her ; I cannot bear the Thought. She labours under Confinement, or you would have seen her : 'Tis plain she came to *London* with that Intent. Mrs. *Lockart* could not deny this ; she believed it herself, and had Recourse to her Christian Arguments ; she reminded him of Heaven's Protection in her own Case, and how miraculously her Child and Money had been restored to her ; nay, she attributed the Death of her Husband to the Goodness of Heaven, saying, he was taken from the Evil to come, for his tender and affectionate Heart must in a reduced Condition have suffered double Anguish from what is usually called a Blessing, as a Wife and Children tenderly beloved must have partook in his Misfortunes and Wants. Sir *William* acknowledged the Force of her Arguments, and promised a firm Reliance on

on the divine Protection: but the Ingratitude of his Lady and Daughter *Charlotte* yet stuck close to his Heart; he could not tell how to behave to them, and wished never more to see them. Mrs. *Lockhart* preached up the Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness, and brought him to promise, at least, to shew no Resentment while he stayed in *London*.

They arrived at the House provided for his Family while they stayed in *London*, in very different Humours from what they were in when they left *Barnet*. Sir *William* was much easier in his Mind; the Ladies more chagrined, yet not enough to make them forget their Design of making a grand Appearance. Mrs. *Basnet* waited on them the next Morning. The Meeting was civil and ceremonious, not affectionate, Lady *Forrester*, as a Stranger, desired Mrs. *Basnet* to recommend proper Trades-People to her, such as Milleners, Mantua-maker, Hoop and Stay-makers, and a Jeweller, as she intended to make her Daughter a Present of some Jewels. Mrs. *Basnet* promised her Assistance, and offered to go with them to the several Shops which they intended visiting, and the next Day called on them in her own Coach, and carried them to a Mercer's, where Lady *Forrester* surprized Mrs. *Basnet*, for

she chose the richest Silks, and so many of them, that the Mercer thought the young Lady was certainly going to be married. From thence they went to the Jeweller's; here Lady *Forrester* was equally extravagant; in short, there was nothing forgot that could adorn a young Lady, and several hundred Pounds were expended on *Charlotte*, in order to make her soon fit to appear in public.

Amidst this Hurry, *Fanny* was forgot by them, but not by her Father. Mr. *Worthy* that Afternoon came to pay his Respects to his Uncle and Aunt. Lady *Forrester* and *Charlotte* looked coolly on him, but Sir *William* heartily bad him welcome, and joined with him in bewailing the Loss of *Fanny*, and consulting the Means to find her. Mr. *Worthy* had employed *Ned* to enquire if Mr. *Hillary* had ever heard any Thing of her. *Ned* was assured he had not, yet yielded to go with the Gentlemen, and enquire at Mr. *Hillary's* House, and in the Neighbourhood; for they heard that he was gone to the *South of France* for the Recovery of his Health, which he had impaired by his Debaucheries. They easily got Admittance, for there was no Lady now to be guarded by *Watcher*; they gave her a
 Piece

Piece of Money, on which she owned that *Fanny* had been there; she described the Manner how she was inveigled there by her Master, and how she behaved; but the Manner of her Escape she could not tell, having never found it out. The Account gave Sir *William* alternate Grief and Joy; his Fears for her Failure in the Road of Virtue were over, but the Hardships she had, and did then perhaps endure, afflicted him. Mr. *Worthy* felt more than paternal Affection; he suffered the Agonies, and felt the Raptures of a Lover in the highest Degree.

The Gentlemen returned, and told Mr. *Basnet*'s Family what they had heard, (for *Fanny* was seldom named in Sir *William*'s House.) Mrs. *Lockhart*, whose Words were regarded as almost prophetic, advised them to bear the present Trouble with Patience, for certainly their Wishes would be accomplished in due Time: The Energy with which she spoke, and their Desire of its happening, made them believe her, and they both grew tolerably easy: There was scarce a Day passed, but they both saw Mrs. *Lockhart*, and Sir *William* blessed the happy Time that first brought her down to his House, for until then he had no Thoughts of her, nor indeed

28 T H E A U C T I O N .

of any Woman in the World being so essentially good as she was. He passed his Time peaceably with his Lady, for he left her and *Charlotte* to act as they pleased. They drew large Sums of Money from him, which, however reluctant, he parted with quietly.

C H A P.

CHAP IV.

*We'll mock the Time with fairest Skew ;
Fair Face must hide what the false Heart
does know.*

Charlotte was now equipped to appear in public, but she had no Acquaintance, till she met with some Ladies at Mrs. *Basnet's*, one of which, though married, was young and gay ; she desired that *Charlotte* might go with her to a Play the following Night ; and added, it was for an Author's Benefit, and there would be a fine Appearance of Ladies, such as Miss had never seen. Lady *Forrester* eagerly accepted the Offer. Mrs. *Lockhart* and Mrs. *Basnet* said nothing, for this Lady, whose Name was *Artwell*, was the last Person of their Acquaintance to whom they would have recommended the Care of a young Lady ; but Lady *Forrester* was to accompany them. Mrs. *Lockhart*, before they parted, advised that Lady to be very careful of her Daughter, and not to enter precipitately into a Familiarity with Strangers: This was done

for a Caution, to prevent an Intimacy with Mrs. *Artwell*, whose Behaviour they did not in all Respects approve of; but as her Husband was a worthy Gentleman, and Mr. *Bafnet*'s Acquaintance, they were civil to her.

Charlotte was dressed to Advantage, and Lady *Forrester* was finer than when she was a Bride. A young Stranger glittering with Diamonds, attracted the Eyes of all the House, and an Officer, who was Brother to Mrs. *Artwell*, having learned who she was, told it with this Addition, that she was an Heiress to five thousand Pounds a Year: A whole Troop of fluttering Beaus came successively into the Box to Mrs. *Artwell*, and by significant Looks gave *Charlotte* to understand that she was the Person admired: The happy *Charlotte* felt Raptures not to be expressed; she was giddy with Delight, and Lady *Forrester* saw her Daughter the Object of Admiration. The young Officer, Brother to Mrs. *Artwell*, (whose Name was *Vamtrey*) attended the Ladies to the Coach, and by some flattering Words added to the Pleasure *Charlotte* already enjoyed. Mrs. *Artwell* came the next Morning to take *Charlotte* with her along to Mr. *Prestage*'s Auction, where *Charlotte*
was

was much pleased, not only with the genteel Company, but the elegant Furniture fairly disposed of: This Auction being as different from the hackneyed one mentioned in the seventh Chapter of the first Volume, as Light from Darkneſs, or Honesty from Knavery. Here the ſelling is all fair, the Materials being genuine, and the Buyers have the Goods at a Price of their own making; but the upſtart Methods of pretending an Auction by Candle Light in the public Streets of *London*, where a Gang of Perſons of both Sexes are hired as Puffs, is much in the Manner of common Prostitutes, who take up their Stand, and ſtrive to decoy the unwary Paſſengers into the Hands of Bawds and Bullies, their Employers. *Charlotte's* Morning Dreſs equalled that ſhe had appeared in the Night before, and ſhe met with new Occaſions to be vain of a Perſon not very alluring, though adorned to Advantage; but no one was ſo aſſiduous as the young Officer; he ſeized every Opportunity to ſhew an Admiration of her Judgment, though poor *Charlotte* was poſſeſſed of ſo little, that ſhe could not diſcern the groſſeſt Flattery from Sincerity. Mrs. *Artwell* ſaw her Brother's Deſign, but ſhe ſaw the ſame Deſign in

C 4

others,

others, who had more Right to her Fortune, and therefore thought some Skill was necessary to secure the Lady. She had observed in the Morning, that *Charlotte's* Maid was one that had lived with Mr. *Artwell's* Mother; she had spoke to her very civilly, but now wished that she had made her some pecuniary Acknowledgment of their long Acquaintance. The very next Morning she went again to invite Miss to walk in the Park, and was at that Time very particular in her Behaviour to Mrs. *Mary*, as she was called; she praised her Fidelity and Capacity to the Ladies, saying, there was scarce such another Servant in *London*, and while *Charlotte* was gone out of the Room, she pressed the young Woman to come and see her, nay, desired that it might be that Night, saying, she would stay at Home on Purpose to speak with her about some Business of Consequence; but charged her not to tell the Ladies. Mrs. *Mary* promised to obey her Commands.

The Park did not lessen *Charlotte's* Vanity; Mr. *Vamtrey* joined them with several other Gentlemen; but he only waited on her Home, where his Sister accompanied them, and appointed the next Evening to see an Opera with Lady *Forrester*

rester and Miss, but excused herself for that Day, saying, she was engaged. The Ladies visited Mrs. *Bafnet*, who had heard of *Charlotte's* being seen at the Play, Auction and Park, with Mrs. *Artwell*. Mrs. *Lockhart*, who undertook the Guardianship of her Family, advised Lady *Forrester* to restrain the young Lady a little, saying, it was not prudent to shew her daily and always with the same Person; she would not name Mrs. *Artwell*, but gave oblique Hints, which she hoped her Sister would understand; but it was requisite to speak plain, for Mrs. *Artwell* had gained the Esteem and good Opinion of Lady *Forrester* and her Daughter, to whom her Behaviour was more pleasing than the rigid Severity, as they called it, of Mrs. *Lockhart*, whose only Aim was the good of her Neice, while Mrs. *Artwell* was contriving to ruin her.

Mrs. *Mary* waited on the Lady as she had appointed her, and met with uncommon Civility: They talked for some Time of indifferent Things, till Mrs. *Artwell* began about the Family, and expressed herself in Terms that suited a settled Friendship more than a new Acquaintance; yet she declared it as her Wish that he had never seen them. Mrs. *Mary* looked ear-

nestly, as if desirous to know the Meaning of those Words, when Mrs. *Artwell*, said, indeed, *Molly*, my Acquaintance with Miss *Forrester* is likely to be the Death of my Brother, and he is the last of an ancient Family; I call him the last, for my elder Brother is dying of a Consumption, and then *Jack* will possess the Estate; but that is far short of being an equivalent to Miss *Forrester's* Fortune; and I would not be concerned in clandestinely assisting him for the World, though sure never Man was so in Love as he is. *Molly* thought herself honoured with this Confidence, and in Return said, if her Lady liked Mr. *Vamtrey*, she thought there was no Harm in bringing them together. Mrs. *Artwell* took the Hint, and said, Do you think so, *Molly*? I wish I could bring myself to think so too, for then I would endeavour it: By this Means she brought *Molly* to intercede for Mr. *Vamtrey*, and promise without asking to serve him all in her Power. The Lady by Degrees acquiesced, and they began to contrive how to manage it, for it was not to be delayed; *Charlotte* was a great Fortune, and would be sought after. *Molly* was for having Mr. *Vamtrey* attack Miss with all the Artillery of Love, and give her no Time to consider

consider of it, but hurry her on to marry him privately ; but Mrs. *Artwell* knew if the Affair should be discovered, so many Reasons would be alledged against it, that it would certainly come to Nothing; she was for drawing Miss in by possessing her with a previous Assurance, that she must marry him ; and this she said might be done by a Fortune-Teller, if Miss was superstitious. *Molly* said, my Lady has great Faith in those Sort of People, and I can introduce one to her, if you know a Person capable of doing it effectually. Mrs. *Artwell* had provided one before she saw *Molly*, and they concerted how to manage the Affair before they parted ; but *Molly* was to do it all herself without naming Mrs. *Artwell*; to accomplish which she began as soon as she saw her young Lady alone, to tell her of the wonderful Things she had heard of Mrs. *Sermon*, who dwelt near the *Old-Bailey*, and told Fortunes by Coffee-Grounds ; at the same Time enumerating so many Things that had happened just as they were foretold, that Miss was impatiently eager to see her, and asked *Molly* if she had no Acquaintance at whose House they could meet the famous Woman that Afternoon. Yes, says *Molly*, I can procure a Room at

a Grocer's of my Acquaintance. This she was commissioned immediately to execute, and was not long about, for she was intimate with the Keeper of a Chandler's Shop, where she used to meet some other *Abigails* to compare Notes, tell their Mistress's Secrets, and drink Drams, the good Woman of the House always having some curious China, the best *Hollands*, and other Liquors from her Husband, who was a Tide-waiter, a Place which brings an honest Man about Twenty-five Pounds *per Annum*; but this Double-Dealer made a Hundred and Twenty-five of it, for he would receive from Smugglers any Thing worth carrying away, but if they feed him not, then he would declare, *I must do my Duty*, and carry these Goods to the *Custom-house*. To this Place the Parties came after Dinner; Mrs. *Sermon* was first bribed and taught her Lesson; she was a crafty Jade, well acquainted with the Foibles of credulous Girls, who learn to ogle before they can make a Cap. Her Appearance corresponded to her diabolical Profession; she was short, and though exceeding meagre and thin, yet her Bones were so large, that her Face's greatest Extent was from one Cheek to the other; her Eyes were at a great Distance, and each looked a different

different Way, for she squinted naturally ; but this she had much improved by Art; her Nose and Mouth for Breadth and Width were suited to the Shape of her Face; and indeed she was altogether frightful and shocking to look at. *Charlotte* was conveyed to the Dining-Room of the *petit* Grocer, where the Sight of the Woman, and her mysterious Behaviour, before she spoke, made the frightened Girl tremble, and prepossessed her with a Credulity that made her swallow the greatest Absurdities: Coffee was made, and no one suffered to stay in the Room, but the old Hag and the trembling *Charlotte*, who was first taught how to throw the Cup, as the Woman called it, for on that she said depended many important and strange Mysteries: Candles were brought in, and the Shutters closed. Three Cups were thrown and turned down: While they drained, the Wretch began to comfort *Charlotte*, in order to frighten her the more; she observed, that her Hand trembled, and said, with a Voice shocking as her Face, Don't be terrified, Child, my Enchantments are all invisible, except to me, whom 'tis given to know Things past, present, and the vast Fortune that awaits your Call. *Charlotte* already believed
the

the Room was filled with Spirits, and was very near crying out, but when she considered that a super-natural Intelligence was requisite to explore the Events of Futurity, she resolved to sit still. After some previous Ceremony, the first Cup was examined some Minutes in Silence, and then the Wretch broke out into this Exclamation, O Miss, your auspicious Stars have ordained you to be the very happiest, and one of the first of Women; I never saw such a Cup before, tho' I have foretold the Exaltation of many a Dutchess, and some who were at that Time far from expecting the Honour; she said a great Deal more to convince *Charlotte* of the Certainty of her Predictions, and then began, at her Request, to descend to Particulars, saying, your good Fortune, Miss, is at Hand; you will very soon be in some public Place among a great Deal of Company; here are several Gentlemen, who seem to be ambitious to please you; some are forward and bold, but mean Nothing, only to amuse themselves; but here is one that stands behind, and looks dejected, his Heart ready to burst with Love, yet he is afraid of speaking, because he has not yet attained to that Height of Fortune to which he is just beginning
to

ascend; there is a very considerable Estate very near him, but that is nothing to the promising Aspects that are behind him, and which I shall explore in the next Cup. *Charlotte* asked what Sort of Gentleman he was. She said, rather tall than short, a very handsome black Man, and an Officer: This was all she saw in the first Cup, only *Charlotte*, she said, was there in a Position that shewed she was to be happy and great. She took up a second, and immediately cried out, O Miss, here is a handsome Gentleman in a Room with you, and only one other Person; he is offering you Snuff out of a Gold Box, I see it open, and the Picture of a Lady on the Inside; in another Place he is on his Knees offering you a Ring, and you are not unwilling to accept of it, but some Body holds your Hand, and won't let you; he looks full of Despair, and lays his Hand on his Sword, and is ~~that~~ Moment determining to kill himself, if you repulse him: I see no more here, only you are perplex'd and full of Uncertainty, yet seem to be full of Love. The third Cup was now taken up, and this was a miraculous one, for Miss was, she said, violently agitated between Love and Ambition. Here the Hag took her Eyes off the Cup, and

and fixed them on *Charlotte*, till the young Lady was ready to cry out for Fear; but she stopped her with saying, Don't be afraid, Miss, now is the Crisis of your Fate; if you follow Ambition, you fail in the End, and will be miserable; if you follow Love, you'll have all that Ambition can desire, for I see the Officer rising in this present War to be the first General: he performs Exploits greater than ever *Marlborough* or *Eugene* did, and rises by Degrees to be a Duke, while all the Trophies of his Honour are laid at your Feet, for you will certainly marry him, though some Difficulty will attend the Accomplishment of it, especially if you delay it; the sooner it is done the better, for I see it will be in Spight of all human Opposition: Your Parents, I see here are providing another Husband for you, but he holds an empty Purse in his Hand open, to shew that he wants it to be filled; I fancy he is a Nobleman, or Son to one, but it is not very plain, it only appears that he is honourable; but there is no Love on his Side; he wants your Money, which the Officer does not seem to think of; his End is Love alone; it is in your Power to make him happy. I see your Parents are set upon Riches or
Honour,

Honour, or both. *Trifle not with Happiness that offers, and you will reach envied Greatness.*

Thus ends my Prediction. Thus have the Fates decreed. Here thrice she turned herself round and stopped.

Charlotte rewarded her generously, and returned Home to dress for the Opera.

Mrs. Sermon hastened to *Mrs. Artwell* to give her and *Mr. Vamtrey* an Account of what she had done, for which she received a further Reward.

CHAP. V.

*If you would have the Nuptial Union last,
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it fast.*

AS soon as *Charlotte* got Home, she began to tell Mrs. *Mary* all the Particulars of her Fortune, and ended with saying, that she could not forbear thinking Captain *Vamtrey* was the Officer mentioned by the Woman. *Molly* seized the Occasion, and said she had heard that young Gentleman greatly praised for his Courage and Abilities, and there was no man in *England* more likely to rise in the Army. *Charlotte* had already felt a Prepossession in Favour of him, occasioned by the flattering Speeches he had made her; but he had no Estate, she told *Molly*, and her Parents would never consent to it. *Molly* made light of these Objections, saying, As for an Estate, his Brother was expected to die every Day, and then he would have a very good one, and her Parents would soon be reconciled when it was over; but they must not know of it before. This Discourse held whilst

whilst *Charlotte* was dressing for the Opera. Mrs. *Artwell* called on her, and they went without Lady *Forrester*, who had got a severe Head-Ach. Every Thing happened as had^d been foretold; Mr. *Vamtre*y came to them, but looked dejected, while a certain young Lord, that Mrs. *Artwell* foresaw would be there, was very assiduous in his Behaviour to *Charlotte*. Mr. *Vamtre*y gave Way to all that came, and was silent most of the Time; but he attended the Ladies to Mr. *Artwell*'s House, where his Sister pressed both him and *Charlotte* to stay Supper, and sent a Servant to Sir *William Forrester*'s with her Excuse; it was now that Mr. *Vamtre*y offered *Charlotte* Snuff out of the Box already described to her. She was so surprized, that she could scarcely forbear crying out; and soon after when he had left the Room, she told Mrs. *Artwell* the Reason, who, glad of the Occasion, frankly embraced her, saying, I see, dear Miss, that we shall be Sisters; O how happy I am; my poor Brother, too, who is miserable now, will be happy too. She then told *Charlotte* a long Story of her Brother's Love, and how it had commenced from the first Moment
he

he saw her ; and was adding all that could be said in his Favour, when he came into the Room ; the Ladies were silent, and looked grave ; he insisted on knowing why his coming had put an End to their Discourse, for he heard them talking as he entered the Room. Mrs. *Artwell* desired *Charlotte's* Permission to tell him, which she refused ; but he begged so earnestly of his Sister to satisfy him, that she ventured disobliging her Friend, and told him what concerned the Snuff-Box : This made him bold enough to begin his Attack upon *Charlotte*, and Mrs. *Artwell* in her Turn left the Room. *Charlotte* was so convinced that she was to marry him, in Spight even of her own Inclinations, that she willingly gave Way to a growing Passion for him, and he made a great Progress in her Affections before they parted : Mrs. *Artwell* seconded her Brother's Solicitations, and *Charlotte* so ill defended herself, that Words escaped her, which almost amounted to a Promise of Marriage ; it was agreed upon among them to meet privately as often as possible ; but Mr. *Vamtrey* was to appear indifferent to *Charlotte* in public. Mr. *Artwell* was in the Country, and his House was the
Place

Place of Meeting, where the very next Day Mr. *Vamtrey* fulfilled the Fortune-Teller's Prediction, by falling on his Knees, and begging of *Charlotte* to marry him, declaring, that a State of Uncertainty was to him a Hell upon Earth; he took a Ring out of his Pocket of considerable Value, and begg'd of her to accept of that in Token of her Consent to accept of a Heart and Hand destined alone for her. *Charlotte* had not Power to resist; she suffered him to put the Ring on her Finger, and listened with Pleasure to his Tale of Love, and before they parted promised to marry him, which Mrs. *Artwell* was Witness to. The Time was appointed, the Place Mrs. *Artwell's* House, and the Lovers appeared supremely happy, but were not so, for Mr. *Vamtrey* felt no Passion for *Charlotte*, he rather despised her; and *Charlotte's* Love for him was not sufficient to give her any Rapture; it was in the Spring, and scarcely strong enough to combat a Reluctance that she felt for giving up the newly acquired Adoration, which she met with.

At her Return Home from this Meeting, Sir *William* told her he had that Evening a Proposal made to him by
Sir

Sir *John Woodland*, which he had promised to communicate to her, as he had never intended to force her into any Marriage against her Inclination, so he only told her, that this was a Match that he approved of, and if she could like the Gentleman, there was no Objection could be made to his Fortune or Character. *Charlotte* had not seen him, so it was not expected that she should give an Answer; but the next Day a plain honest looking Gentleman came to Dinner; he had a good Person, and his Behaviour was easy and agreeable, and in every Respect such as *Charlotte* ought to have approved of; but she despised him, and was no sooner alone with her Mother, than she began to say, that she hated the Sight of such a Country Booby; and added, why he is just like my Father; I should be ashamed to be seen in Town with him. Lady *Forrester* applauded her Judgment, saying, as *Fanny* was certainly Dead, she did not think his Fortune equivalent to her's, and persuaded her to put a speedy End to his Courtship, by giving both him and her Father a flat Denial; and indeed she said her Advice should be to give a Denial to any but a Nobleman. *Charlotte* seemed to acquiesce; she really did

did so in Regard to Sir *John*, and told her Father with some Insolence, that she could not think of marrying that Country Clown. Sir *William* resented her Manner of speaking, as the Gentleman was worthy of Respect, at least, if she did not approve of him for a Husband; he spoke more harshly to her than he usually did, which engaged his Lady in the Dispute, who said he might be ashamed to propose such a Man to her Daughter, and doubly ashamed to use the poor Child so, because she happened to have more Judgment than to approve of so odious a Choice. *Charlotte* began to abuse Sir *John*, but Sir *William* rose and took his Hat and went to a Coffee-House, where he spent most of the Time that was allowed him by his Sister *Lockhart*, for she found so many innate Virtues in his Mind that wanted Cultivation, and a Disposition so inclined to amend the Errors of his past Life, that all her Discourse aimed at a proper Regulation of his future Actions, and a due Exercise of the Authority that he was invested with both in his own House and the adjacent Neighbourhood; she endeavoured to make him sensible, that a Gentleman had not a Right to spend his whole Time in Diversions or

Indolence, but that it was a Duty incumbent on them to set good Examples, and enforce, as far as they had the Power, a Subordination to their just Expectations. Sir *William* felt no Repugnance to comply with this new Way of living, but said he was sorry that he had brought his Wife and *Charlotte* to Town, for they seemed already to despise the Country Gentry, and he was afraid it would be more difficult to reform them than the whole Parish. Sir *William* mourned much for his darling *Fanny* whenever she was mentioned at Mr. *Basnet's*; but he never named her at Home, and Lady *Forrester* was very willing that she should be forgotten, and upon all Occasions, when she possibly could do it in Company, took the Opportunity of saying *Charlotte* was an only Child, intimating by that what an immense Fortune she would possess: The Word was caught, and the Report made of her being an Heiress: This brought, among others, a young Lord to pay his Devoirs to her; he was not without Merit, but the Extravagance of a Father had hurt his Estate, which he wanted to repair with *Charlotte's* Fortune. Lady *Forrester* was entirely in his Interest, but Sir *William* declared

declared against beggarly Nobility, and voted for Sir *John Woodland*. *Charlotte* laughed at their Contest, and pleased herself with deceiving them both; but before she had accomplished it, Mrs. *Lockhart*, ever watchful of the Conduct of her Niece, had heard of Mr. *Ventrey's* Design upon her, and acquainted her Brother and Sister with it. Sir *William* was for restraining her immediately from going out with any Stranger, but his Lady contented herself with challenging her Daughter with it; and being assured by her that the Report was without Foundation, she believed it, and even allowed her still to keep on her Acquaintance with Mrs. *Artwell* and her Brother, to whom *Charlotte* told the Behaviour of her Parents, and laughed with them at her Mamma's Credulity. The very next Day was appointed for the Ceremony to be performed; but before *Charlotte* returned Home, Mrs. *Lockhart* had convinced her Sister that *Charlotte* had deceived her, and now the Lady began to act with Authority, but it was too late, for *Charlotte* flew in her Face, and told her with great Insolence, that she thought herself old enough to chuse her own Company, and

peremptorily refused to obey her Orders. Lady *Forrester* saw with Anguish the Error she had committed, yet was ashamed to complain to Mrs. *Lockhart* or Sir *William*; she saw no Remedy but returning into the Country, yet was loth to quit her Hopes of seeing her Daughter a Nobleman's Lady: She strove to inspire her with ambitious Desires, but in vain; *Charlotte* was obstinate, and would promise nothing; the Lady wept and intreated, but *Charlotte's* obdurate Heart was unmoved, and her Mother experienced a Night of Affliction, such an one as she was before a Stranger to. In the Morning she renewed her Solicitations to her disobedient Daughter, but encountered Answers sharper than a Serpent's Tooth; she had recourse to silent Tears: and to indulge her Sorrow, and find out the Means to reclaim her Daughter, she shut herself up in a Closet, and gave Orders not to be disturbed. *Charlotte* heard this, and resolved to make the best of the Opportunity; she was hurrying out of the House with her Maid attending, when Sir *William* came in from a Walk; he met her just at the Door, and stopp'd her, saying, Stay Miss, don't be in such a Hurry; let me know,

know, (that is, if you please) where you are going in such Haste. *Charlotte* was not used to be thus interrogated by her Father, for he usually chose not to speak to her, to avoid the Insult of her pert Tongue. I am going about my Business, says she, at the same time hastening forwards, and turning her Back on him. Such an Answer as this would have passed a Month before, but Sir *William* had taken a Resolution to exert his Authority over her, since he saw that his Lady had lost the Power to controul her: He turned back hastily, and caught hold of her Arm; she struggled, and he squeezed, till she stood still, and cried out; on which he pulled her into the House, and put her into his Dressing-Room. *Charlotte's* Anger broke out into a loud Crying; she blubbered out, I'll not bear this Usage; Mamma shall know it; I am sure she won't suffer it. Sir *William* paid no Regard to her Insolence; he locked the Door, and bad the House-keeper to attend Mrs. *Mary* while she packed up all that belonged to her, and then to turn her out of Doors. The Maid began to plead for herself, but he was inexorable, and she forced to obey; while she was packing up, he went

to *Charlotte*, who was ready to burst with Fury, yet saw a resolute Sternness in her Father's Eyes, which over-awed her Repentment. Sir *William* began to tell her the Character he had heard of her Friend and Lover, assuring her that it was commonly reported that Mr. *Vamtrey* had a Wife in *Ireland*. *Charlotte* could not bear this; she said it was a villainous Tale, and entirely false. Cease your Impertinence, *Hussey*, says he; I'll confine and secure you from the Danger of such Company. This made her Tears to flow, for she durst not shew her Rage as she used to do. Sir *William* left her to see if his Orders were executed respecting *Mary*, who he perceived making various Shifts to gain Time. Put her without the Doors; she is a vile Jade, says he, and throw her Clothes after her. The Maid was frightened to hear such an unexpected Menace, and without much Loss of Time moved off the Premises.

Lady *Forrester* had been in her Closet an Hour, and quite ignorant of what passed till *Molly* was gone, and *Charlotte* at Liberty, who ran to her Mamma's Closet, and knocking at the Door, roared out, Mamma, pray come and save

save *Molly* ; Papa has turned her away, and would not let me see her. The Lady opened the Door with a Face swollen with crying, but *Charlotte*, little regarding it, renewed her Petition that *Molly* might be stopped. The Lady desired her calmly to come in, and tell what had happened. *Charlotte* did so, but with an Impatience and Words very unbecoming ; she abused her Father, and did not spare her Mother, telling her, that Sir *William* durst not have acted thus if he had not been encouraged by her. The Lady would have expostulated, but *Charlotte* would hear no Reason ; she insisted on *Molly's* Return, and was insulting her Mother with an exalted Voice, when Sir *William* came into the Closet ; he took her again by the Arm, and led her roaring aloud to her own Room, and locked her in ; he then came back to his Lady, who sat overwhelmed with Sorrow ; he did not endeavour to comfort her ; she deserved none from him : He upbraided her with her past Behaviour, and declared, that there was a Time when she had encouraged the Girl to treat him with Insolence ; adding, I have prevented her this Morning from running away with

a married Man ; but will now leave her to your Care till we go into the Country, which shall be very soon, you may depend on it : He gave her the Key of *Charlotte's* Room, and went out of the House. The Lady immediately visited her Daughter, and told her what her Pappa had said. *Charlotte* vindicated her Lover, and despised the young Lord that her Mother said was an honourable Offer. Lady *Forrester* was content at last with an Answer that was equivocal, for *Charlotte* promised not to run away with Mr. *Vamtrey*, on which she obtained a Forgiveness for what was passed, and a perfect Reconciliation followed.

Mary hastened to Mrs. *Artwell's*, and told all that had happened at Sir *William's*, expecting that Mrs. *Artwell* would take her into the House ; but the Lady, who feared her Scheme would prove abortive, looked but coolly on Mrs. *Mary*, till she declared that she could convey a Letter to Miss *Forrester*, by Means of a Sweetheart that she had in the Family, who was not suspected : Thus a Correspondence was carried on for some Days. In the mean time *Charlotte* appeared at Home quite easy, and her Mother thought the Report of her Love
was

was groundless. Lady *Forrester* was anxious to accomplish the Marriage between her and the Nobleman; and indeed there could not be an Objection made to it, as *Charlotte* was not an Heiress, he certainly deserved her Fortune. Mrs. *Lockhart* and Sir *William* were more inclined to the Baronet, yet not against the Nobleman. *Charlotte* was left to her own Choice. Sir *William* only let her know that he approved of Sir *John*, yet would not persuade her to any Thing; but Lady *Forrester* was more anxious about it. *Charlotte*, to appear obliging, and to gain Confidence, allowed the young Lord to visit her; he still thought her an Heiress, and wanted to hasten the Affair, while *Charlotte* only wished for an Opportunity of marrying privately, and by that Means disappoint them all; the Thought pleased her, and Mrs. *Mary's* Sweetheart was to make the Thing practicable; a Parson was procured mean enough to condescend to any Thing required of him. *Charlotte* had employed the Owner of the Chandler's Shop where they had met the Fortune-Teller, to provide all Things necessary, intending at this Woman's

House to do a Deed which should mortify her Parents.

Lady *Ferrester* now indulged her with more Liberty than Sir *William* approved of; he still had Suspicions, but his Lady paid little Regard to them.

C H A P. VI.

*What strange Disorders youthful Brides
 express,
 Impatient Longings for the Happiness;
 Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
 As Needles always tremble near the Pole.*

C H A R L O T T E now had her usual Liberty, and frequently walked out, attended only by Mrs. Mary's Sweetheart, who was the Go-between her and Mrs. Artwell. Her Brother and a Parson waited for Charlotte at the Place of Rendezvous; she had some Clothes making, and pretended to recollect that she had forgot to give the Woman some necessary Orders; Will was called in Haste to go with her. Sir William and his Lady saw her go out. Sir William frowned to see it, and began to expostulate with his Lady; but she resumed her former Haughtiness, and desired him to forbear suspecting the poor Girl, saying she is prudent enough; has she not broke off her Acquaintance with Mrs. Artwell? And does she not give as much Encouragement to his

D 5

Lordship.

Lordship as is consistent with the Modesty that ought to be practised by a young Lady of her Condition. Sir *William* repeated the Word Modesty with some Virulence, and left the House, steering his Course towards *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where he repeated his Uneasiness to Mrs. *Lockhart*, who in some Measure restored his Quiet, tho' she could not redress his Grievances.

Charlotte hastened to her Lover, who received her with seeming Rapture, and Mrs. *Artwell* called her, My dear Sister; and added, How happy you'll make me by thus requiting my Brother's Love. A short Space of Time served to ruin for ever this headstrong unthinking Girl; they were married, and the Ceremony of Bedding performed in the House; but Mr. *Vamtrey*, not content with this Consummation, desired *Charlotte* to admit him into her own Room; adding, that *Will* said it might be done without Hazard. *Charlotte* almost trembled at the Thought of so bold an Action, yet could not deny her Husband; she consented, and *Will* undertook to manage it. *Charlotte* returned Home, and coquetted more than usual with his Lordship. Lady *Forrester* was pleased to see it; *Charlotte's*
more

more than common Alacrity charmed her, and the Nobleman began to be impatient, saying, he would settle every Thing with Sir *William* immediately, in order to be happy. *Charlotte* enjoyed a malicious Pleasure in the Thought of disappointing him, and told Mr. *Vamtrey* at Night all that had passed. *Will* introduced that Gentleman to his Lady a few Nights before an End was put to all their Joys. Lady *Forrester* saw the Progress that the young Lord daily made in *Charlotte's* Affections, and her Heart exulted with Joy; she triumphed over Sir *William*, and often spoke of *Fanny* to him as a ruined Creature, and one that deserved no Pity: He heard her in Silence, and indeed without being much moved, as he doubted not *Fanny's* Virtue, tho' unhappily he could not find her.

Mr. *Basnet* dined one Day at Sir *William's* when the young Nobleman was there; all was Gaiety and Mirth, and he really believed from what he saw, that a Wedding was near. After Dinner, among other Discourse, some Scandal was introduced, and Mr. *Basnet* said, that the Night before he had heard a Piece of News, but could not judge whether it was Fiction or not: The Ladies were
eager.

eager to hear it, and he spoke without any Earnestness or Concern, in a slight Manner, saying, I heard that Mr. *Vamtrey* is married, and that his Wife was living in *Ireland*; the Gentleman that told it me had it from his own Brother. This alarmed *Charlotte*; she turned pale, which Lady *Forrester* saw with Concern. The Nobleman too perceived it, and while they were engaged in observing her, Sir *William* was listening to Mr. *Basnet*, and hearing *Vamtrey* named as a base Villain. *Charlotte* heard it all, and supported herself tolerably till the concluding Words, which were, I am well assured that he is married, and that his Wife is in *Ireland*; *Charlotte* then sunk in her Chair, and fainted. Lady *Forrester* screamed, and the Gentlemen ran to give assistance. The Lover took Miss in his Arms, and held her, while Application was made to recover her fleeting Spirits. Sir *William* shook his Head at his Lady, and said, Is this Indifference or Love? or what do you call it? *Charlotte* recovered, and after a violent Gush of Tears, desired that she might leave the Company. Her Mamma led her up Stairs, and began to enquire into the Cause of this Disorder. *Charlotte* only answered with Tears. Sir *William*

liam

liam was alarmed with what had passed; he saw that *Charlotte's* fainting was occasioned by the Account of *Vamtrey's* Marriage, which he hoped was a Fact, as it must teach his Daughter to be cautious, and not deceived by Appearances. The young Lord was much chagrined, and gave up all Thoughts of marrying *Charlotte*.

Mr. *Bafnet* said that the Gentleman who told him the Particulars frequented *Serle's* Coffee-House; and if Sir *William* was desirous, he would go with him without Loss of Time. I'll make one of the Party, says the Nobleman, for I think myself not a little interested in this Affair. Impatient to find out some Particulars relating to *Vamtrey*, they did not stay for Lady *Forrester's* Return, but left Word that they would sup with her. In a short Time they found the Gentleman, and from him heard some alarming Circumstances, which convinced them of Mr. *Vamtrey's* Marriage: The Gentleman used these Words, I saw a Receipt that this *Vamtrey's* Wife had just sent to his Brother in *Warwickshire*, but probably should not have heard a Word of it, if Chance had not brought him to dine with my Friend. Amongst other Chat

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the Brother desired me to tell him some News, as I had lately come from *London*. Sir, says I, if you know it not already, I can't tell you any Thing more agreeable than the Report that your Brother is going to marry a young Lady of great Fortune. He started at my Words, and said with some Emotion, God forbid! I wondered what could occasion this Exclamation, and asked the Reason. Mr. *Vam-trey* frankly said, Why he has a Wife, and has had a Child already; he married a Girl in *Ireland* about four Years ago, I suppose, because he could not debauch her; he left her there, but she soon followed him into *England*, and came to this very House.

My Brother was base enough to disown her, but she had incontestible Proofs of her Marriage; and as I knew he could not maintain her, I persuaded her to take a trifling Allowance, which I am bound to pay her, and never to trouble him more: She consented to it, and there are Articles of Agreement drawn between them. Her own Brother is Surety for her, and I am bound to pay the fixed Stipend. From that Time they have lived separate. I really was sorry for the Girl; she is young and modest, but rendered a
Widow

Widow even tho' she has a Husband. As for my Brother, I am glad he can't marry, for he has not the Qualifications requisite to make a Woman happy; but I hope he is not Villain enough to attempt such an Action: This Report may probably rise from some little Gallantries shewed in public, for surely he cannot be serious in such an Affair. After saying this, Mr. *Vamtrey* shewed us a Receipt of the Girl's for her last Payment, and a Letter signed *Vamtrey*, which was to thank him for a small Present she had received, for he told us that he often accompanied the Money with some Trifles, as he really had a Regard for the Girl, upon the Account of her Virtue. Here the Gentleman ceased; Sir *William* thanked him, and said this information might perhaps be of Service to a young Lady that seemed interested in whatever belonged to *Vamtrey*. The Gentleman added, I freely speak of this Marriage, Sir, as the Captain's Brother said he wished it might be known in *London*, to prevent further Mischiefs. The Company did not stay long together; our Gentlemen were impatient to unburthen this Account, and see in what Condition *Charlotte* was.

Lady

Lady *Forrester* had sat some Time, expecting the Violence of her Daughter's Sorrow to abate; at last *Charlotte* grew silent, and then her Mother began to make some Queries, tho' ineffectual; *Charlotte* would give no Answers. In this State they were, when Sir *William* entered the Room, and said, without any previous Preparation, Well, it is true enough, the Villain is married indeed. *Charlotte* shrieked violently, and fell into a Fit. The Lady called for Help, and the Servants came. Sir *William* stood aghast; he saw plainly now, that *Vamtrey* was the Occasion of her Agony: He returned to the Gentlemen greatly concerned. *Charlotte* had several Histerics, but in the Intervals uttered some incoherent Words that plainly indicated she was married. Lady *Forrester* left her, and went to the Gentlemen, wringing her Hands, and crying out, O my Child! my dear Child is married to that Villain! She is undone for ever, and all my Hopes are blasted. Sir *William* could scarce forbear throwing out some Reflections on her Management of her Daughter; but the other Gentlemen restrained him, saying she

she was likely to be punished enough without that Aggravation. *Charlotte* was in no Condition to answer Questions that Night, so Mr. *Basnet* and his Lordship left the House both chagrined.

Mrs. *Basnet* had just been delivered of a Son, for which Reason he forbore to mention what had happened, but told it to Mrs. *Lockhart*, who went with him early the next Morning. Lady *Forrester* had watch'd all Night with her Daughter, and heard every Particular relating to the Marriage, but durst not acquaint Sir *William*; that disagreeable Task was left for Mrs. *Lockhart*, well knowing that she would with Christian Philosophy assist to make bearable the Wretchedness of her Family. It was not long before Mrs. *Lockhart* entered the Room, and found the wretched Mother and Daughter both upon the Bed; *Charlotte* had not suffered herself to be undressed, and Lady *Forrester*, fatigued with Labour and Sorrow, was laid down by her: She started up on seeing Mrs. *Lockhart*, ran to her, and caught hold of her, saying, O Sister, I am miserable! miserable beyond Conception! my darling Child, my All of Comfort, is ruined! This Speech, not very obliging to her Husband

band, Mrs. *Lockhart* excused, and strove to pacify her. Sir *William* was soon acquainted with the Manner how Mrs. *Artwell* and *Vamtrey* had seduced his Daughter, and in his Rage wrote a Challenge to the Officer; but here Mrs. *Lockhart* used her authoritative Advice, and convinced him that to fight was to injure himself more than ever Mr. *Vamtrey* had wronged him; for to send such a Challenge, was at least to be guilty of an intentional Murder. Sir *William* was in some Degree appeased, resolving that the Law should determine the Fate of *Vamtrey*. Mr. *Basnet* was of the same Mind, and said to proceed against him was not only doing Justice to themselves and the Public, but would likewise prevent his future Claim on the Fortune that *Charlotte* would become possessed of; but it was she that must assist in the Prosecution; tho' the Evidence of the first Wife was necessary. During this Conference *Charlotte* had some fresh Fears lest her Father should come into the Room, and treat her with the Rigour she deserved; but Mrs. *Lockhart* had appeased the expected Storm, representing that her Faults were productive of sufficient Punishment. Thus prepared, Mrs. *Lockhart* and the Gentlemen went into Lady *Forrester's*.

Forrester's Room. A solemn Silence began the Meeting: after a few Minutes spent in Thought, Sir *William* said, This pretty Spectacle is the Consequence of being self-sufficient and all-wise; you deserve it all for poor *Fanny's* ill Usage. No Answer was made to this Sarcastm. Mr. *Basnet*, after hearing that *Will* had been instrumental in the Plot, ordered that he should be brought before them. On his entering the Apartment Sir *William* called him a base Rascal, and swore if he did not confess all that he knew he should die that Moment. *Will* trembled at the Menace, and disclosed all he could, acknowledging that he was a Witness to the Marriage, but said in his Excuse, that Mrs. *Mary* he believed had bewitched him, and made him do a Deed contrary to his Conscience: He further said, that Mr. *Vamtrey* had been at the Back-Door about Midnight seeking to get Admittance, but had gone away, on being told that the House was in an Uproar, on Account of his Marriage with Miss. He has ordered me to call on him To-day, and if possible to bring a Letter from Miss. Yes, says Sir *William*, she shall write to him, and upbraid him with his Villainy; but this was opposed by

by all, and indeed *Charlotte* was not capable of doing it, for he had won her Affection; though it was a Stroke not a little mortifying to her, that she must quit the Dear Delight of shining in public. Reflexion now seized her; she examined her past Conduct, and blamed her Mamma, but absolutely refused to take any Food. Lady *Forrester* began to be alarmed, lest intense Sorrow should affect her Daughter's Life. Sir *William* seeing them in this Condition stood silent; he forebore Aggravations, and almost pitied them, but was persuaded by Mr. *Basnet* to change the Scene, and go along with him to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

In the mean time Mr. *Worthy* had heard of this Misfortune at Mr. *Basnet's*, where he oft went to see Mrs. *Lockhart*, though he seldom visited his Aunt *Forrester*: His Blood boiled with Resentment on hearing the Indignity *Vamtrey* had done Sir *William* and his Family; strait he determined to bring him to a more speedy Punishment than the Law would inflict: With this View he sent a Challenge, insisting that *Vamtrey* should in an Hour's Time meet him behind the *British Museum*. *Vamtrey's* dastardly Soul, conscious of Crimes, shrunk within him; he ran to
his

his Sister for Refuge, discovering the disagreeable Message he had received, and expressed much Wonder that Mr. *Worthy* should resent his marrying *Charlotte*, tho' an Heiress: Little did he imagine his *Irish* Wedding had been fully detected. Mrs. *Artwell* took upon her to avert the impending Blow, and strait hastened to Mr. *Basnet's*, whose House she entered with much Confidence; but was a little mortified at the cold Reception she found from Mrs. *Basnet*; and she as much as possible checked and concealed her Chagrin at the same time declaring her Surprise that Mr. *Worthy* had sent her Brother a Challenge. Mrs. *Lockhart* gave her no Answer, but rung the Bell, and bade a Servant step to the Coffee-house for Mr. *Basnet*: The Servant saw that she was greatly agitated, and ran with all Speed. Mrs. *Artwell* said she was surprized what could occasion Mr. *Worthy* to act in such a Manner; adding, she believed it was an unprecedented Thing to challenge a Stranger without acquainting him with the Cause. Mrs. *Lockhart* answered her hastily, saying, Let your Brother, Madam, ask his own Conscience, that will inform him the Cause; but if it should not, my Niece will satisfy him, if he dare

dare see her Face; but sure that is what he will never attempt after the Injury he has done her is published. Mrs. *Artwell* grew angry, and said her Family was not to be despised, nor her Brother abused for marrying a young Lady that he loved, and who had returned his Passion; it was not his Business, she said, to object to the Lady's superior Fortune: She would probably have said more in his Vindication, if Mr. *Basnet* had not entered the Room, and hearing her last Words, answered thus: He ought to have objected, Madam, against having two Wives at once, for which he shall suffer the utmost Rigour of the Law: We can bring him to Punishment without the Hand of honest *Worthy*, who shall not hazard his Life against a Villain. This was too much for Mrs. *Artwell*; she found all was discovered, and left the House abruptly, and in great Confusion hastened to plot with her Brother what was to be done.

Sir *William* and Mr. *Basnet* went to consult a Gentleman of *Lincoln's-Inn* how to proceed against *Vamtrey*, whilst Mrs. *Lockhart* was comforting the Mother and Daughter. In this Situation we will leave them and return to *Fanny*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Weldon* was an entire Stranger to Mr. *Bafnet's* Family, and lived at a considerable Distance from them. *Fanny* was desirous to continue a Stranger to every Thing that related to her own Family, till she could see her Brother and Sister *Worthy* without Emotion; for this Reason no Enquiry was made concerning them, though she was in Town while this Misfortune was distracting her nearest Relations without hearing a Word about it. Mr. *Worthy* had by some Means got acquainted with Mr. *Weldon* as soon as he came to Town, and now often heard him speak of the beautiful Miss *Collins*; the Description of her put him in Mind of *Fanny*, and often caused a Sigh to rise, which he suppressed, without complaining, for he always strove to be cheerful in Company, yet indulg'd a Melancholy when alone; his Sister was dead, and Mrs. *Worthy* wanted her Son to comfort her, but he could not leave *London* while there was a Possibility of finding *Fanny* there. Mrs. *Worthy* had made a strict Enquiry after her in the Country, at the Request of her Son, who thought that she might have returned there after her Escape from Mr. *Hillary*;
he

he likewise, by Means of *Ned*, watched that Gentleman's Steps.

Mr. *Weldon* every Day saw new Charms to admire in the lovely *Fanny*, yet was careful to conceal his Intentions, and behaved with a genteel Complaisance to her; he was afraid of alarming his Aunt, and making her suspect his Designs on *Fanny*, who still avoided giving him any Opportunity to speak to her in private. Mrs. *Weldon* and she were usually together; but it happened one Day that *Fanny* was engaged in making some Confectionary, and got excused from going with Mrs. *Weldon* to see her Daughter. About two Hours after came two Chairmen with a Note from Mrs. *Weldon*, desiring *Fanny*'s Company to sup at her Daughter's. *Fanny* did not long hesitate about Compliance, but stepped into the Chair, and was carried to Mrs. *Weldon*'s. The Note she left on the Table, which Mr. *Weldon* soon after found, and then followed her to his Cousin's. Mrs. *Weldon* said, if he had known that her Nephew had been with *Fanny* she would not have sent for her, but was afraid that being alone the Evening would seem tedious to her. Mr. *Weldon* took this Opportunity to pay *Fanny*

my a Compliment, and Mrs. *Weldon* was pleased to see her smile on him with more Affability than usual, for she really wished he might gain her Affections, and erase the Memory of Mr. *Worthy*, and by an Union in every Respect eligible, put an End to his own Gaieties, and *Fanny's* Misfortunes; she had observed (notwithstanding his Caution) that *Fanny* was not indifferent to him; but the Depravity of his Intentions, the Goodness of her own Heart, had not allowed her to suspect; she had for this Reason neglected all Opportunities that offered of hearing how Things had gone at Sir *William's*: That Evening Mr. *Weldon* saw Mr. *Worthy*, and began to be in a Rapture of Joy for having formed a Scheme to seize the desired Prey. O *Worthy*, he cried, she has a thousand Charms; she has every engaging Quality but Virtue; and she has the Appearance of that in the highest Degree; her Look and Manners are perfectly modest; surely her Mind is not contaminated; her Body is defiled, and that is too much to say of a Woman and marry her after: I could stab the Villain that debauched her, and prevented my being exquisitely happy in such a Wife;

then he ran over all the Particulars of her Beauties, both of her Person and Mind, and concluded with saying, You must see her, *Worthy*; she will cure your Love-sick Mind; you'll forget *Fanny*. Then I never wish to see her, Mr. *Worthy* replied, for I enjoy no Pleasure equal to that of thinking on her; the whole World would be a Dungeon if I did not know that it contains my *Fanny*: So pray Sir, let me never see your Miss *Collins*, for if she cures my Love for *Fanny* I must love her, and then I am sure we shall fight about her, for I would encounter the whole World for *Fanny*; I would give up Friend and Relation; all is nothing compared to her. Mr. *Weldon* soon told his Friend his Design, and at the same Time desired the Privilege of bringing Miss *Collins* to his Lodgings, when he should become possessed of her. Mr. *Worthy* made some Scruples of granting this Request, saying, I can't approve of running away with any Woman against her Will; I would not be seen in such a Thing: If you bring her here, don't let her know my Name, and I promise you I will not see her, though just such a one as you describe is my
Fanny;

Fanny; but her Virtue is impregnable; it has been tried, or I had not lost her. They agreed then to exchange Lodgings till Mr. *Weldon* had secured *Fanny*.

CHAP. VI.

*Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.*

MR. *Weldon* was on the Watch for an Opportunity, and daily attended his Aunt; his Love became every Day more strong and visible. Mrs. *Weldon* did all in her Power to make *Fanny* forget Mr. *Worthy*, and approve of Mr. *Weldon* for a Husband; but poor *Fanny* could not accept of the Proposal, though in polite Terms thanked Mrs. *Weldon* for the Honour intended her. Mr. *Weldon* was a little perplexed to find nothing in *Fanny's* Behaviour that indicated Love or Wantonness, for which Reason he resolved to get her into his Power, and then by strong Efforts to bring her to the Test. He always knew of his Aunt's Visits, and taking Advantage of one, when she was obliged to go to the Bank, he sent two Chairmen in whom he could confide with the very Note his Aunt had before sent. *Fanny* read it, and without Hesitation stepped into the
Chair,

Chair; but before they were out of the Street, Mr. *Weldon* just stopped the Chair, and said, that his Aunt had sent him to conduct her, for she had forgot to write the Directions to Lady *Trinder's*, where she then was. *Fanny* had heard Mrs. *Weldon* mention this Lady, though she had never seen her, and made an Apology for the Trouble he had upon her Account, and ordered the Chairmen to follow him. Mr. *Wortby* having previous Notice, had left his Lodging, and given his Landlady Orders to admit Mr. *Weldon*, and whomever he brought with him. Unsuspecting *Fanny* was led up Stairs by the treacherous Mr. *Weldon*: He brought her into a handsome Dining-Room, but there was no Company; she asked for the Ladies, when he, throwing off the Mask, caught her in his Arms, saying, My Charmer, here are no Ladies; I have taken you from under the Care of my severe Aunt, whose rigid Virtue I am sure kept you in Awe, or I must have met with some Return to the many Sighs of Love that I have in vain made you, and which were too visible not to be perceived. You may here rest quiet, for it will be in vain to be otherwise. The Woman of this House is

ready at your Call if you ask for Necessaries ; but if you complain, she will not hear you, for I have paid her to be both *dumb* and *blind*. *Fanny's* Astonishment prevented her answering him, and he construing her Silence to be a favourable Omen, attempted to give her a Kiss : This made Surprize give Way to Rage, and she began to upbraid him with Words that were inspired by Resentment, and threatened to acquaint his Aunt with the Deception he had made use of to get her into his Power ; but he smiled at her Anger, saying, it would probably be a long Time before she saw his Aunt ; and then swore, that his Love was too violent to allow of Delay ; he talked of making a Settlement on her, and securing her from future Dependence, and vowed eternal Love and Constancy ; but never mentioned Marriage. *Fanny* began now to find what he aimed at, and told him, that his whole Estate should not bribe her to commit an infamous Action ; she talked highly of Virtue and Honour, while her Lover thought meanly of her for pretending to impose on him, imagining that she did it only to entrap him, and draw him into a Marriage : He looked with some Scorn on her,

her, and said, You are a lovely Girl, Miss, and I adore you, but don't think to deceive me; I know what you have been, and what you must be again; I am no Stranger to Miss *Bretton's* Way of living, nor to your's, before my Aunt condescended to take you into her House. Come, don't be foolish, Child; you are fallen into good Hands; I'll deal honourably with you. *Fanny* could not contain herself, she burst into Tears, and accused her persecuting Fate, that still subjected her to these Insults. Her Behaviour greatly puzzled him; that she had been a kept Mistress he knew, or thought he knew; and why this Pretence to Virtue in the Circumstances she was now in, he could not guess; he was determined, however, not to believe any Thing she said; he soothed and menaced by Turns, and let her know that she must never expect to see his Aunt *Weldon* again: This drove her to Distraction, yet he did not appear so dreadful as Mr. *Hillary* did in like Circumstances; she was not frightened so much as enraged; she struggled with him for Liberty, and as *Fanny* was not a delicate puny young Lady, and Mr. *Weldon* was a town-bred Beau, the Match was pretty equal for

some Time ; but *Fanny* was forced to desist almost dead ; her Anger could not support her, and she sat, or rather threw herself into a Chair, and again burst into Tears. Thus some Hours was spent, and it grew late, but *Fanny* absolutely refused to eat or lie down ; she drank a Glass of Water, and that was all she took till the next Day : In this miserable Situation we must leave her, and return to Mrs. *Weldon*, who spent the Evening with her Daughter, and staying pretty late did not ask for *Fanny* when she came Home ; but at Breakfast next Morning Mrs. *Weldon* (after waiting a few Minutes) asked if *Fanny* knew that the Tea was ready. Miss *Brown* and the Servant that waited looked at each other, and Mrs. *Weldon* at both, expecting an Answer ; but neither spoke. She asked the Meaning of their Silence, and Miss *Brown* said, You astonish us, Madam ; we have not seen Miss *Collins* since, you sent for her Yesterday. Mrs. *Weldon* enquired the Particulars, and they shewed her the Note, which *Fanny* had again left on the Table : She examined it nicely, and said it was certainly her own Hand-Writing, but she had not sent it. Miss *Brown* melted into Tears, and said, Poor Miss

Collins

Collins, what must she endure! May Heaven protect and defend her Virtue, and grant that Remorse I have felt may never seize her. Mrs. *Weldon* shed Tears of Sorrow in Abundance, but was not long before she resolved to go to Mr. *Basnet*, and acquaint him with all that she knew of *Fanny*.

She came there just at the Time when we left them all in Trouble about *Charlotte*: She enquired for Mrs. *Lockhart*, who immediately came to her, and when Mrs. *Weldon* remembered the Character that *Fanny* had given of this Lady, and the unwelcome News she came to bring her, she burst into Tears before she could speak one Word. The tender-hearted Mrs. *Lockhart* felt a Concern for her afflicted Visitor, and in Words gentle and soft desired her not to suppress her Tears, for they perhaps would give a momentary Relief: I, Madam, (she continued) was long the Daughter of Affliction, till Heaven was pleased to reverse my Fortune, and make me happy. Mrs. *Weldon* said, after wiping her Eyes, The Blessings I have always enjoyed would make Complaint Ingratitude; but my present Trouble arises from a Source that will, I believe, Madam, equally afflict

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you,

you, for I am well acquainted with your humane Disposition; poor dear *Fanny* has often repeated to me your tender Care and good Advice, which she long experienced, and has not yet forgot. *Fanny!* Mrs. *Lockhart* cried, what my dear *Fanny Forrester!* O say, Madam, where is that poor Child; my Heart throbs for fear of hearing some sad Account of her; your Tears foretell it. No, Madam, Mrs. *Weldon* answered, I can give no sad Account of her; if in the Trial she is now under, the same Virtue exerts itself as has before supported her, she will return unhurt; for alas! I have lost the dear Creature; she has been trepann'd and carried from me. She then began, and told all the Particulars of *Fanny's* Escape from Mr. *Hillary*, and every material Action that she had heard her repeat while she was there, and what had happened since; adding, I have a Nephew, a Man of Fortune, and not badly inclined, who I am sure loves her; but I have never told him who she was, because she was ingenuous enough to confess that her Heart was too deeply engaged in Love with a young Gentleman that was to marry her Sister, to admit another Guest; it was because she could
not

not bear to see those Nuptials, that she left her Father's House; and it was because she could not conquer that Passion she still concealed herself with me, till some vile designing Wretch had deceived and stolen her from me. Here the good Lady shed more Tears, while Mrs. *Lockhart* was fluctuating between Joy and Grief, Hope and Fear; but Hope supported her, and she in Return for Mrs. *Weldon's* long Narration, repeated all that had happened since *Fanny* left the Country, and said, there was a Providence that appeared to her to rule the Actions of these young People, and she verily believed that they would yet be happy. Mr. *Basnet*, who had listened with Attention to this Account, hastened out of the Door, saying, he would tell the Lover first, and then Sir *William*, and bring them both with him. Mrs. *Lockhart* immediately begged Mrs. *Weldon* to stay Dinner, saying, she would not fail to see the Lover and the Father, who both would acknowledge her Kindness to the distressed and lovely *Fanny*. She consented readily, for indeed she wished to see the Youth that had made so lasting an Impression in *Fanny's* Heart. Mr. *Basnet* soon arrived at Mr. *Worthy's* Lodging,

ing, where he was told that he went from Home the Day before, and said he should stay some Days (*Mrs. Weldon* too had sent to her Nephew before she left her own House, and received the same Answer.) *Mr. Weldon* was with *Fanny*; they both heard *Mr. Worthy* enquired for, and the Gentleman say, My Name is *Basnet*; I live in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*—pray send him to me the Moment he enters this House; I have Business of Consequence with him. *Mr. Basnet* and *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* alarmed *Fanny*, she ran towards the Window, and would have called to *Mr. Basnet*, but *Mr. Weldon* prevented her; she struggled with so much Force, and at the same Time her Mind was so agitated, that something like a Fit seized her: *Mr. Weldon* held her in his Arms till she recovered; he durst not call for Help, though he was greatly perplexed: With returning Sense the Remembrance of being so near *Mr. Basnet*, and the Impossibility of getting to him, almost distracted her; she again strove to reach the Window or Door, but Nature was exhausted, and she fell motionless on a Settee. The Ravisher was her Guardian; he had Honour enough
to

to forbear attempting to injure, though he resolved never to part with her.

Mr. *Basnet* found Sir *William*, as he usually was, very melancholy. I bring you News, Sir *William*, says he, that was good Yesterday; but an Accident has crossed it for a while. *Fanny*! What my *Fanny*! Sir *William* cried, and starting up, laid hold of Mr. *Basnet*, saying, O my dear Friend, tell me what you mean; where is she? Come, let us go to her; let me see her if I die in that Moment: On which he drew towards the Door, but Mr. *Basnet* sat down, and said, Hold, Sir; don't be so impatient; did not I say, that Yesterday had produced something that had prolonged the wished-for Happiness, for some Time at least: I don't know where *Fanny* is, but I can tell where she has been. Sir *William's* Joy was damped; he sat down, and the Gloom again covered his Face: He heard her whole History with Alternatives of Joy and Sorrow; the quick Emotions of his Mind were apparent in his Face; sometimes the Tears ran down his Cheeks, and sometimes he was in a Rapture of Joy to hear that he had a Daughter so good and virtuous: He often interrupted Mr. *Basnet*, crying out,
O

O the poor Creature ! or, There's a Girl for you, Mr. *Basnet* ; I did not think she had such a Spirit ; he cursed Mr. *Hillary*, and said he would fight him, though afraid he had lost the Use of his Sword ; but wondered that his Nephew had not done it. Mr. *Basnet* said, that Mr. *Hillary* was so emaciated with Diseases, that it would be scandalous for a young Gentleman to challenge him ; but added, you may let him alone, he will suffer enough if he lives, for Remorse of Conscience, and bodily Pains must make him wretched. Sir *William* shook his Head, and said, Aye, Mr. *Basnet*, that Remorse of Conscience is a sad Thing ; I have done what I repent of heartily : O if you had known my *Fanny's* Mother, the gentlest, sweetest tempered Woman ; but she was too good for me ; and now I am fitted, for not valuing her as I ought to have done : What Trouble this cursed Trick of *Charlotte's* is like to give me ; but I hold my Tongue, for both she and her Mother are mortified enough. Here the Ladies interrupted them ; their Looks bespoke the Anxiety of their Minds ; *Charlotte's* Gaiety was turned into Sadness : The Discourse turned upon the Prosecution of *Vamtrey* ;
his.

his first Wife was sent for to appear against him; even his own Brother interested himself in the Affair, and did all that he could to free the Lady from so infamous an Engagement. Mrs. *Artwell* pleaded Ignorance for her Excuse, but gained no Belief: The Story became a Town-Talk, and *Charlotte* was compelled to keep at Home, to avoid being pointed at in public.

Sir *William* set out with Mr. *Bafnet* to see Mrs. *Weldon*, whom in the most hearty Manner he thanked for the Kindnesses she had heaped on *Fanny*; his Mind seemed full of Gratitude, for he would talk of nothing else during the Time of Dinner. Mrs. *Weldon* endeavoured to stop him by saying, There was nothing due to her, as she had only done her Duty, and had a sufficient Reward in knowing that she had preserved so deserving a young Lady from Ruin, and had been recompensed by the Society of so agreeable a Companion; at the same Time she expressed some Concern on the Absence of her Nephew, saying, if he was in Town she was sure he would use his utmost Efforts to recover a Lady that he so much regarded.

Mr.

Mr. *Weldon* was all this Time endeavouring to appease *Fanny's* Anger, but he gained no Ground; she was still the same, and his Surprise encreased, till he told her plainly, that he very well knew she had been in Keeping, and that all the Noise she made about her Virtue was only Grimace; he added, Indeed, my lovely Girl, if that was not the Case, I would marry you To-morrow: Don't think I am such a Villain as to act thus by a virtuous Woman. *Fanny's* Indignation kept her silent, while he proceeded to say, Come, come, Child, lay aside Affectation, and let us be happy. Here he offered to take her Hand, but the enraged *Fanny* struck him a Blow so unexpected, that he raised his Hand in Surprise, and was near returning it before he thought what he was doing; he was, however, angry, and swore it was too much to bear from any Woman, though she was an Angel. *Fanny* was crying bitterly, and in her Agony uttered something of her Father's House, and accused her hard Fate: Her Behaviour was a Mystery to Mr. *Weldon*; he waited till she was calm, and then said, I am at a Loss, Miss, to know what you mean by hard Fate in your Circumstances; I'll
make

make you happy; you can expect no more: Marry you I will not, and am sure you have Sense enough not to expect it. *Fanny*, as soon as she could speak, said, I never desired any such Marriage; I had the Offer, but refused you. Refused me! he replied; what do you mean? I never, except once, saw the Woman I thought worthy, except one. I wish you was equally innocent, then Love might Recompence me for the bitter Pangs it has occasioned me: Indeed, Miss *Collins*, I love you, and am really sorry, that I cannot pay my Addresses to you in a more honourable Way; all that a Man can do for a Girl that he loves, I'll do for you: Come, don't be perverse, nor complain while you have a Man of Fortune at your Service. *Fanny* stopped him, and said, if he would release her, and let her go to her Friends, he would find her grateful, and perhaps, with their Consent, might admit of his Addresses; but this Proposal he laughed at, as Romantic. Thus the whole Day passed; Night came, and *Fanny* again refused a Bed; she lay on the Settee, where harrassed Nature however allowed her some Cessation from Grief: she slept some Hours,
and

and before she saw Mr. *Weldon* had resolved to acquaint him with her History.

He renewed his Solicitations with the Morning, and *Fanny* without naming her Father or Family, told him her whole Story; her Passion for Mr. *Worthy* she painted in its full Force. Mr. *Weldon* sighed heavily, and often repeated, Poor Miss, I pity you: He as often cursed Mr. *Hillary* for his vile Attempt, and asked her Pardon for his mistaken Opinion of her, which had proceeded from her being at that Villain's House. *Fanny* told him she expected to be set at Liberty immediately, that she might return to her Father's House, and escape the Dangers that she found herself exposed to in her present Situation; but Mr. *Weldon* said he could not consent to such a Separation; for as Love had at first Sight possessed him, so now Esteem had established it; and as Absence was the best Remedy for Love, he could not consent that she should return to her Father, where the Sight of her Brother would keep alive a Flame that he wished to see extinguished. Mr. *Weldon* desired her to banish Fear, saying, I always detested the Thought of ruining a virtuous Girl, however poor she might be, and liable to fall into another's

ther's Snare ; then sure I can't attempt a Virtue so approved and secured by repeated Trial, nor can I part with you, and lose the Possibility of ever making you mine ; no, I will endeavour by a constant Application and tender Assiduity to remove this Brother from your Breast, and take Possession of the dear Mansion myself. In the first Place I beg you will forgive the Violence offered to Miss *Collins*, as it cannot be applicable to the virtuous Miss ——— what shall I call you ? Must I not know your Name ? *Fanny* sighed, nay she shed some Tears, while he was speaking, and said, all in her Power she would do to forget her present Passion, and reward his Generosity ; but insisted on leaving the House she was in that very Day, and at least to be allowed to return to Mrs. *Weldon's*, if he did not approve of her going to her Father's : She added, that if her Father could be made acquainted with her Situation in that Lady's Family, and with the Obligations she was under to her, and would consent to her Continuance there ; she was willing to give him all the Opportunity he could desire of becoming agreeable to her ; but she assured him at the same Time, that how advantageous soever an Alliance with him

might

might be to her, she would never abuse his generous Love, with a forced Compliance, nor give her Hand without a Surrender of her Heart. This Answer was all that Mr. *Weldon* could require; he approved of her Principles, and said he would rather be wretched alone than make her a Partaker in his Misery, as no Happiness could be found in Marriage without mutual Love; but there was an Objection to her Proposal, which he knew not how to remove; he said he had always both loved and revered his Aunt, and found an invincible Repugnance in his Nature to the Sight of her after an Action that her Severity would not easily forgive: *Fanny* said she would plead for him; nay she added, your Actions will plead for you; your Behaviour now will compensate for the Rashness that your Ignorance made you guilty of: But all this Mr. *Weldon* said was not sufficient; he could not face his Aunt, nor restore her without a full Assurance of Forgiveness, and of free Access to her for the future; he studied some Time; and then said he had found an Expedient that would set all Things right again: You may remember, Miss, that you have seen my Sister, who admired you very much,
and

and desired my Aunt to bring you to her House at *Eton*, where I know my Aunt designed to have carried you next Week ; I'll take you in a Post-Chaise, and on our Arrival write to my Aunt to acquaint her with all that has happened, my Sister and I will join to invite her down, and there bring about her Reconcilement to me, which I know my own interest would not easily obtain from her. *Fanny* was unwilling to agree to this Proposal, yet had no material objections to make, as she knew Mrs. *Weldon* was extremely fond of this Lady, having brought her up, and from that Time found no Reason to prevent the Approbation of her Conduct; as *Fanny* opposed not his scheme, Mr. *Weldon* declared he would be ready in twenty Minutes : This said, with hasty Strides he got to the Stable-Yard, and in his return called to tell Mr. *Worthy* his Intentions ; but not finding him at Home, he wrote on the Slate these Words:

Dear Worthy,

“ I have succeeded, and got the Char-
 “ mer into my Possession : I am not
 “ yet

94 The A U C T I O N.

“ yet happy, but shall be so very soon,
“ in a Way I did not expect : She is an
“ Angel, O *Worthy*, she is Virtue itself,
“ and will for ever bless

Yours, &c.

Weldon.”

CHAP.

C H A P VII.

*Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,
Shews from a rising Ground Possession nigh;
Shortens the Distance, or o'erlooks it quite.*

MR. *Weldon's* sanguine Wishes had construed *Fanny's* Consent to the proposed Visit into a Consent to all he desired; indeed he had some Reason to think he should gain the Port in View; his Fortune was undeniable, and his Friends propitious; he was sure of finding an Advocate in his Aunt, and doubted not the same in his Sister.

They set out without Loss of Time; but Mr. *Weldon* wrote a sort of a Postscript to his Friend *Worthy*, which he desired the Woman to send to him: In this Postscript he acquainted him, that he had left the Lodging, and gave him all the Particulars that *Fanny* had told him, and enlarged upon her Passion for a young Gentleman, who had married her Sister, and gave that for a Reason why she had acted so rashly as to leave her Father's House;

House; he concluded with saying, he had great Hopes that a little Time would enable him to supplant a Man who was blind to her Virtues, or he would not have preferred another before her: He gave no Hint of the Place to which he was carrying her, not so much as to intimate whether it was in Town or in the Country.

Mr. *Worthy* had not been one Night in Mr. *Weldon's* Lodgings, for he went out of Town the Morning that he left his own; but left his Servant to attend the Commands of that Gentleman. As soon as *Ned* received the Letter, he set out to carry it to *Hampstead*, where his Master had Country Lodgings. Mr. *Worthy*, pleased that his Friend's Amour would end in Marriage, came directly to *London*; but in his Way Home called at Mr. *Basnet's*, where he found Mrs. *Weldon*, who no sooner heard his Name, than she cried, O Sir, how unfortunate you are! He was astonished at this Salutation; but Mr. *Basnet* almost drove him from Astonishment to Distraction, by saying, that the afflicted Lady's Name was *Weldon*, and that she had protected his *Fanny* under the Name of Miss *Collins*, till three Days before that

that Time she had been trepann'd by some treacherous Villain. Mr. *Worthy*, at hearing this, rose up, and stamped upon the Floor, and with his Whip struck so violently upon a Table, that they all thought he was seized with a sudden Madness. Mr. *Basnet* took hold of him, to guard against any Misfortune that so wild a Behaviour seemed to threaten; this brought Mr. *Worthy* to himself; he sat down, begging Pardon for his Rudeness: He struggled a few Minutes with his Passion, and then forgot his Manhood so far, as to cry like a Child: His Friends were glad to see this, and did not interrupt his Sorrow; nor did he recollect himself for a considerable Time; but when his Storm of Sorrow was allayed by Tears, he said, Am I more unfortunate than villainous? No! I deserve all this, and more; 'twas I contributed to the carrying off my *Fanny*. O *Weldon*! *Weldon*! Here Mrs. *Weldon* cried, What, my Nephew *Weldon*, is he the Villain? Is he so base? Hold, Madam, Mr. *Worthy* cried, he is no Villain; I must clear him, since I have betrayed him. He then told her why Mr. *Weldon* had not before proposed Marriage to *Fanny*, and the Violence of his Passion for her, which he said was

the Motive that induced him to carry her off: But this did not pacify Mrs. *Weldon*; she still said he was much criminal to force away a young Lady that was under her Protection. Mr. *Worthy* could not vindicate him, so gave up the Point, and joined with her in a Consultation how to find her Nephew. This she said must be left to him, as she was a Stranger to all his Acquaintance; and added, if he had been subject to talk of them, he might have named you, and then all this Mischief had been prevented; I call it Mischief in Reference to you, for if my Nephew marries *Fanny*, he will be rewarded, instead of undergoing the Punishment due to his Actions. The Thought of Mr. *Weldon* marrying *Fanny* again distracted poor *Worthy*; he flew out of the House with great Precipitancy, and left the Company all amazed at the Oddness of his Fate: He went first to his own Lodging to enquire after them. The Landlady told him that the young Lady had been there two Nights, obstinately refusing to enter any Bed; but that before they went away, she saw her smile on the Gentleman, and behave with great Complaisance to him; but she added, they did not lie together, I assure you; the Gentleman lay every night in the Servant's Bed.

Bed. This was small Satisfaction to Mr. *Worthy*; he knew before, that *Fanny* was virtuous; but her complaisant Behaviour stabbed him to the Heart; he did not doubt but it arose from a Proposal of Marriage to her. The Woman had told him that Mr. *Weldon* and the young Lady walked from her House, and she believed they were still in Town, which induced him to search *Doctors-Commons* if a Licence had been procured there: Fruitless became this Toil, and he much perplexed which Way to steer his Course. He went to Mr. *Weldon's* Lodgings; there he met with the Postscript that had been left for him; he read it without much Emotion, till he came to *Fanny's* Passion for her Brother-in-Law, and the Means they were both using to erase it from her Heart; this was a fresh Source of Sorrow; he cried, What, and did the dear Creature love me too, and leave her Father's House to avoid seeing me! O blind and foolish was I not to see it! Then he recollected a thousand little Instances, as Evidence of her Affection, tho' he had before overlooked them. As *Ned* had long been the Repository of all his secret Thoughts, he shewed him the Letter, and asked his Advice; but honest *Ned*

could not think of any Means more probable to serve his Master, than that he should stay in Mr. *Weldon's* Lodging, till that Gentleman should come, or send for something from thence: This his Master agreed to, and charged him not to stir from thence.

Mr. *Worthy* then went to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where he found Sir *William*, to whom he shewed the Letter. Poor *Worthy*, says the Knight, I am sorry for thee from my Heart: I perceive you helped to put her into the hands of your Friend; but must now trust to Fortune for her coming out.

Mrs. *Weldon* had before convinced Sir *William* that her Nephew's Fortune much exceeded the Report of Mr. *Worthy's*, but proposed, that if it was not done already, *Fanny* should take the young Fellow she liked best; she then told how her Nephew had been distressed by Love Affairs, in which he had suffered as much as Mr. *Worthy* now felt. Aye, says Sir *William*, Love is a sad Thing, but I know little of it, yet I did once love that dear Girl's Mother without knowing her Value, and to my last Hour shall lament the loss of her; but hear me, you *Worthy*, says he; I would rather call you Son
than

than any Man living ; Dame Fortune at present has thrown my Daughter into other Hands ; 'tis a Comfort to me that things are no worfe ; for your Part, you should learn to bear Disappointments as a Hero, and if *Fanny* be married, think of going to see your Mother, who has long wanted your Company.

Mrs. *Lockhart* insisted, that Mr. *Worthy* had deserved a little of what was come upon him, for his Double-dealing betwixt *Charlotte* and *Fanny*. Hold there, says Mr. *Basnet* ; if Mr. *Worthy* deceived *Charlotte*, he has met with a more than equal Punishment, and I think now deserves Pity. Aye, says Sir *William*, and some Reward for his Perseverance, which I'll leave *Fanny* to pay him if he can catch her. Mr. *Worthy* bowed to him, and said, his Hopes were small, as Mr. *Weldon* had got possession of the Lady, whom he would soon find worth keeping, and by a sudden Marriage compleat his Unhappiness.

Sir *William* began then to talk about his other Daughter, but with such Indifference as might convince the By-standers that he regarded her rather as one that had brought reproach into his Family, than with the Affection a Father usually

bestows on his Child. Mr. *Worthy* then left the Company, declaring he would go in Quest of *Fanny* ; but alas ! he knew no where to go : In *Ned* he had some hopes, and to him he went ; but *Ned* had waited in vain ; Mr. *Weldon* was gone into the Country with *Fanny*, not in Lover's Haste to Return to his Lodging. They had a pleasant Jaunt, each feeling pleasing Hope, though of a different Kind ; *Fanny* was relieved from her late dreadful Apprehensions, and expected soon again to see Mrs. *Weldon*. Her Nephew was in full Hopes, nay almost certain, that he should gain *Fanny* ; his Sister, whose Name was *Goodwin*, had received them with Joy, imagining that they preceded Mrs. *Weldon*, and asked how near her Aunt was, and who was with her. Mr. *Weldon* smiled, and said, he had not seen his Aunt for some Days past, and assured her that she was not following them. This Answer appeared mysterious, but she was not solicitous before *Fanny* to know more. The Evening was spent agreeably, and *Fanny* retired to Bed early, for she had not yet recovered her Fatigue ; but no Want of Rest could make her forget to pay her grateful
Thanks

Thanks to the Power that had protected her from the late imminent Danger.

When *Fanny* had left the Parlour, Mrs. *Goodwin* made some Queries in Respect to her Guest; her Brother did not hesitate to acquaint her with every Particular, and to desire her Assistance, which she readily promised; adding, that she had been made acquainted with some Part of *Fanny's* History by her Aunt, and knew that she was well descended, and without Blemish. The Result of this Consultation was to deceive *Fanny*. Mr. *Weldon* had promised that his Sister should write to his Aunt, both to reconcile her to the Things done, and to ease her of the Anxiety which *Fanny* apprehended that good Lady must feel on her Account: This Promise he was obliged to make, but had no intention to perform, before he had made Trial what Footing he could gain in her Breast by Assiduity, joined to all the tender Rhetoric of Love.

Some Days past away very agreeably, whilst *Fanny* trusted with Confidence to the seeing or hearing from Mrs. *Weldon*; the Brother and Sister studied every Means to amuse and please her; she had no Objection to make to their Desires, but an unconquerable Passion for Mr.

Worthy, which she combated with great Resolution, calling every Assistant that Reason or Religion could afford to her Aid; but all was ineffectual; Mr. *Weldon* still appeared to her at best, but as a Friend or Brother; Pity, the first Step to Love, he had got on his Side, and had no Pre-engagement withheld her, she would certainly have loved him; but now he strove in vain, and could make no further Gradation in her affection. She began to express some Concern about Mrs. *Weldon's* neither coming nor sending by the Post, as she had been made to expect; and now feared that the good Lady was offended, and would not even write: This made *Fanny* determine to write to Miss *Brown*, but some intervening News prevented, which shall be the Subject of the next Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

*Oh! I have Cause to Curse my Life, my
 Being;
 To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn,
 that dawns
 With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings
 To ev'ry wretched Creature but myself;
 To me brings more Pain and iterated
 Woes.*

ONE of Mr. Goodwin's Tenants had a Sister in Mrs. Weldon's Service, whom he called to see, as he went to Smithfield Market: Mrs. Weldon casually saw him, and after just apologizing to Sir William's Family, who were at Breakfast with her, she said, Come in John Ridley; how does my Niece and Family? Very hearty now, Madam, says John: Our Squire supped a little too much at the Installation, and sprained his Ankle, but he is now got well as ever, and goes a Partridge Shooting; and Madam is as hearty and as merry as if she were but just wed; and Mr. Weldon too and his wife were tripping

it over the Meadow Yesterday Night.— Wife, said you, interrupted Mr. *Worthy*? *Why eye Sir, I believe so; she looks like a good honest Woman, and they are always together: I was bye the Day before Yesterday, when they first came to our Squire Goodwin's, and she looked as pretty as a Milk-maid on a May-Day Morning; besides the Post-Boy said she was a great Fortune, and young Squire Weldon had run away with her.* Mr. *Worthy* could hear no more, nor, indeed, the Man speak any more after seeing the young Gentleman sink to the Floor. Mrs. *Weldon* dismissed the Man, fearing to affect Mr. *Worthy's* Health, by asking more Particulars about the Couple, whom they all concluded were married. Mrs. *Lockbart* immediately applied herself to sooth Mr. *Worthy*, whose Senses by making a quick Return, made him the more wretched. You preach Patience, says he; give it to the Winds: What's all this Stuff to me; *Fanny* is married: I'll hear no more. O! I could curse the Hour that gave me Birth. He had reached the Door as he spoke the last Word, and they saw him no more: Like Lightning he went soon out of their Sight.

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As soon as he got to his Lodging, he ordered *Ned* immediately to get Post Horses for the *York Road*. *Ned* hesitated, and began to ask some Questions, imagining that *Fanny* was in *Yorkshire*; but his Master stopped him with saying, Never name her more; I can't talk of her. *Ned* muttered, then we must both be dumb, for we have forgot how to talk of any Thing else. The Horses were soon ready, and they mounted without regulating one Thing in the Lodgings, for Mr. *Worthy* shewed that he would be obeyed, and *Ned* durst ask no more Questions: They were dumb indeed the whole afternoon, and Mr. *Worthy* seemed to forget that eating was necessary, but *Ned* remembered there was no living without it, and in the evening asked his Master very submissively, if he did not please to lie at the next Stage: He was answered No; and when they came there fresh Horses were ordered; but *Ned* found Time to take some Refreshment, and made bold to beg his Master to do the same. There was something so affectionate in *Ned's* manner of desiring it, and his Request was so seasonable and natural, that his Master agreed; but with Tears in his Eyes cried out, O *Ned*, *Fanny* is married,

married, and I am wretched! This was enough; *Ned* knew his Master's fond Heart, and forbore to offer Comfort, that he left the lenient Hand of Time to bring; but prevailed on him to take a Glass of Wine, and to eat a Bit of Toast. They then set out again, and thus they travelled without stopping, except to change Horses, till they came to Mrs. *Worthy's* Gate. Then the young Gentleman began to reflect; he wished to serve his Mother, though he had took little Care about himself. Perhaps, says he, my sudden Approach may affect her Health which is impaired. *Ned*, says he, go you before, and prepare my worthy Mother to expect me: Take Care she be not surprized: But this Precaution was taken too late, for a Servant had seen them, and ran into her Mistress's Room, crying out, O Madam, my Master is at the Gate! Joy and Surprise overcame the Lady; she was making Use of her Smelling-Bottle when her Son entered the Room; she did not speak for some Moments, while he embraced her and wept: The Lady wept too, and said, My dear Child, how glad am I to see you: Your poor Sister—She said no more, for Mr. *Worthy* stopped her with saying,

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I have a greater Misfortune to lament; *Fanny* is Married! the Lady replied; then the poor Girl has thrown herself away, and my Sister was the Cause. No, no, her Son replied, *Fanny's* own Discretion has saved her, though she is lost to me. He then told a few Particulars, tho' ready to faint; but was interrupted by the coming in of Chocolate, which was a necessary Refreshment. *Ned* then came to pull off his Master's Riding Dress, and begged he would please to lie down to Sleep, which his Mother insisted on, as soon as she found the necessity of it. After *Ned* had waited on his Master up Stairs, he related to Mrs. *Worthy* the whole History (except some Particulars relating to himself) of his Master's *London* Expedition, nor did he forget any Circumstance concerning *Charlotte's* Marriage.

Mr. *Worthy* became refreshed by Rest, but not eased in Mind; he waked to sorrowful Reflections, and desired that no Company whatever might be admitted, which was complied with, though against the Will of Mrs. *Worthy*. In this Situation he continued a few Days, till a Letter from *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* put a new Face on Things.

We

We must now remove the *Yorkshire* tragical Scene, and give you one representing *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where we left the old Ladies interrogating the Countryman about the supposed Marriage. After their fruitless Endeavour to keep Mr. *Worthy* in the Room, they asked *John Ridley* more particularly about Mr. *Weldon's* Marriage; but the Man could give no account of it; he told what he had seen; and added, I thought as they came down Cheek by Jole they were Man and Wife. This was some Comfort to Mrs. *Lockhart*, for she had always wished, and for some time firmly believed, that Mr. *Worthy* and *Fanny* were destined for each other; she hastened Home to get Mr. *Basnet* to follow Mr. *Worthy*: this was done with Expedition, but he came too late; Mr. *Worthy* was gone; the Mistress of the house could not tell where. When Mrs. *Weldon* heard this, she concluded that the account of the supposed Wedding had occasioned this precipitate Flight, and concluded that he was gone to *Eton*, and had some Fears about the Consequence of such a Journey; and said she would go herself to her Niece's, and see how Things stood there, for the Countryman's Account was

I

very

very uncertain. Mr. *Basnet* immediately carried this Account of Things to Sir *William*, who shewed more Joy than pleased his Lady and *Charlotte*: Without thinking of their Presence, he spoke in Rapture, That he was happy at last, for that *Fanny* was virtuous, and that *Worthy* or *Weldon* might win her and wear her, being both Men of Family, Fortune and Character. Mr. *Basnet* saw the Ladies frown, and left them to discuss the Point in their Family Way.

Lady *Forrester* and *Charlotte* were greatly humbled, but not so much as to forbear shewing their Resentment upon this and any other Accident that occurred, where Sir *William* shewed the least Love for *Fanny*. The Lady said, Sir *William* was an unnatural Father, and did not pity her unfortunate Child, but reserved all his Love for that run-away Girl, whose Character was very dubious, notwithstanding she had so many Friends. Sir *William* only muttered some grumbling Words, and took his Hat and went to pay a visit to Mrs. *Weldon*, whom he offered to accompany in her Journey to *Eton*. She was pleased with his Proposal, and said, with his Leave Miss *Brown* should make one of the Party; she was
a steady

a steady Friend of *Fanny's*. Aye, does this Girl love my *Fanny* too, then I'll love her, Sir *William* said, and gave her a hearty Kifs. The Day was then too far spent to finish their Journey, if they had begun it, so the next Morning was fixed for their setting out, which they did very early; but on the Road we will leave them to tell what had happened between Mr. *Weldon* and *Fanny*.

C H A P. IX.

*Love is a Passion,
Which kindles Honour into noble Acts.*

THE young Squire had often asked Fanny's Name, and now begged she would tell it him, that he might at least have the Pleasure of thinking on it, and carving it on the Trees in the Garden, that he might read it as he walked. Fanny gratified him in telling the Truth. He could not help sighing, and said, I have a Friend, an honest Fellow, that has lost a Lady that his Heart bleeds for, whose Name is Fanny. She said, Then I find there are more Fannys than one lost, and perhaps more than one unhappy Fanny; but pray, who is this fond Gentleman? Is his name a Secret? Methinks I am curious to know it. Mr. Weldon paused, and almost shuddered; he durst not name it; Heaven avert my Fears, he cried; yet it cannot be, for he is married. Who is married? Fanny replied; What's the Matter with you? Won't you tell me his Name? O Fanny, lovely Fanny,

my, cried he, if my worthy Friend should prove your Lover, I am ruined past hope; I must resign you, and quit all Claim; he has a prior Title, and shall have you, if I was to meet Death the next Moment: Indeed he best deserves you, for you had his Virgin Heart; he loved you from a Boy. Who loved me from a Boy! *Fanny* said hastily; I don't understand you. My Worthy, my Worthy Friend, he replied. The stress laid on the word *Worthy* puzzled *Fanny*; she looked and trembled, while Mr. *Weldon* kiss'd her Hand and said, O *Fanny*, does not the Word *Worthy* affect you? Can you hear it repeated calmly? Let me look at you: You blush, and I am miserable, and *Worthy* is only happy, and he shall be happy, whatever becomes of me, unfortunate Wretch as I am, never to see but two lovely Charmers that touched my Heart, and to be cheated out of the first while the dear Creature felt a mutual Flame; and now, when time has mitigated my Grief, and Absence joined to Despair have cured my wounded heart, to meet another so like the first, and to lose her just when I thought myself sure of her. O *Fanny*, pity me, I am too miserable to be considered with Indifference. I do—pity
you

you (*Fanny* stammered out) and perhaps want Pity myself: Your Fears are not justly grounded, and yet there is a Meaning I cannot understand. Do then hear me pronounce solemn Truths, said Mr. *Weldon*, your *Worthy* is not married; he loves you, and has refused your Sister. O *Fanny*, he has a thousand Times bewailed your loss, and cursed his Fate: How little did he think when he lent me his Lodgings, that his *Fanny* would feel the Sorrow and Fear she did in them, *Fanny's* throbbing Heart was visible: Her Voice was gone; she could not answer, yet she believed all he said. Some Time was spent in these Agitations; Joy and Rapture were checked in *Fanny*, when she beheld Mr. *Weldon's* Agony, which was heightened by her Looks. She then strove to comfort him with Words so sweet, and a Voice so soft, that it increased his Despair; on which she was forced to leave him, and fetch his Sister.

This Discovery happened in a Summer House in the Gardens. Mrs. *Goodwin* ran to her Brother, and heard the whole melancholy Tale; she wept, and wished that *Fanny* could have been her Sister, but said, that Honour and Reason demanded her Brother to smother his Passion,
and

and restore *Fanny* to her Lover. Mr. *Weldon* said, that was his Intent, tho' the Task was hard, and the Conflict cruel. Mr. *Goodwin* just at that time returned from his Sport, and finding the Parlour empty, went into the Garden, where he was surprized to see such grave Faces, yet suspended his Curiosity till he could ask his Lady what occasioned them : This opportunity she found on *Fanny's* joining the Company, at which Time he made a Signal for Mrs. *Goodwin* to leave the Summer-House, at which Time *Fanny* began with Attention to listen to the Multitude of Instances which Mr. *Weldon* repeated to prove the great affection which Mr. *Worthy* had long bore for her.

This Discovery happened whilst Sir *William* and Mrs. *Weldon* were on the Road. Sir *William* put a piece of Gold into the Coachman's Hand, and bad him drive with Expedition. On their Arrival at *Staines-Bridge*, Mrs. *Weldon* shewed the Knight the pleasing Prospect of the *Thames*, with the Swans swimming and Barges under sail. Very pretty, Madam, says he, to a Mind disengaged, but I shall have no Sensation of Pleasure till I've seen my *Fanny* : The way seems long, and I can't forbear pressing forwards, as
it

it were to help on the Coach. I could wish though that poor *Worthy* was with us, for his Comfort I would give him *Fanny* without Ceremony. Not, says Mrs. *Welden*, if she be married to my Nephew. Faith, says Sir *William*, I had forgot him, but if it be so, I hope he'll love her, and that poor *Worthy* may never see them. Thus Sir *William* talked of his *Fanny* till the Coach stopped at Mr. *Goodwin's*.

The Family that we left in the Garden were at the same Time just got back into the House, when Sir *William's* Coach arrived; it was a strange Equipage; Mrs. *Goodwin* saw it, and a Gentleman jump out, pulling a Lady's Apron along with him. O strange! says she; who is this? But scarce could say more, before Sir *William* bolted into the House, crying out, Where's my Child? and regardless of the Company, rushed to a Settee, from which she was rising. Have I found thee again, Oh my *Fanny*! Heaven, I thank thee for this acceptable present. Surprise seized her Spirits; she sunk in his Arms, saying, O my Father! She could say no more, nor could Sir *William* articulate one Word: He clasped and kiss'd her, while Tears of Joy bedewed her lovely Face;
a few

a few Moments however enabled *Fanny* to say again, O my Father, can you forgive me! Aye, and blest thee my Girl: Thou wast always good, and never did an Offence that required Forgiveness. Oh this is too much; 'tis more than Happiness to see my Father, and thus kind. She then reclined her Head upon his Breast, and wept; while he asked Mrs. *Goodwin* if she was married; and upon hearing that she was not, he gave her a Shake, saying, Come Girl rouse up thyself; I'll give thee to *Worthy*; aye To-Morrow, if he comes. That's too much, Mrs. *Weldon* cried, while Mr. *Goodwin*, who saw what Effect this new Addition of Joy had on *Fanny*, took her aside, and placed her near the Window, that he might gain her Time to recover her fleeting Spirits: He desired Sir *William* to sit down, and moderate his Joy. The Knight then took a Chair, but he would place it near *Fanny*, and then sat down, and cried out, Where's poor *Weldon*? Ah Sir, said his Sister, he has left the Room; he fears he has offended, but Love was in Fault; the object was tempting, and he has since behaved so well, that I am sure *Fanny* forgives. Yes, says she, from my Heart, and I must beg my best Friend
and

and Preserver will not think he has done any Fault: Here she moved respectfully toward Mrs. *Weldon*, who received her with open Arms, saying, I am easily persuaded to think well of my Nephew, and must own I feel a double Reason to forgive him, when he has you for his Intercessor; but pray let the Criminal appear in Court; I will excuse him from holding up his Hand, tho' this second running away is a Proof of his Guilt. At these Words his Sister hauled him in from the next room. At this Moment he had but little of the gay Gallant in him; respectfully he approached his Aunt, who held out her Hand, saying, Ah, young Spark, leave off these gay Sallies; but I'll reproach you no more; Punishment soon followed your Crime: I hope for the future you'll be wiser. Hold Madam, says Sir *William*; poor Youth, I pity him: I wish he was my Son, or that I had another Daughter as good as *Fanny* to give him: For her Part, she was gone; but, like two Fools, they kept it to themselves, or they would not have had so much plague, nor we all this Pother about them; but I'll soon have them i'the Noose, and then they'll be like other Folk.—*Fanny* blushed, but recovering

covering herself, she began to tell her Father the Obligations she lay under to Mrs. *Weldon*. I know it all, says he, and *Worthy* knows it too; he shall pay her, and we will all pay her; aye, and thy Children shall thank her, as soon as they are big enough to speak. *Fanny* smiled and blushed, and now began to be sensible what true Satisfaction was, without any alloy except the absence of her Lover, which she considered as nothing since a few hours would convey her to him, for Sir *William* said, he was in *London*. She had not once thought of her Mother in all this Time; but next to her Father and Lover, she and *Charlotte* were remembered; nor was her Brother forgot, whom *Fanny* had more than common Regard for, and earnestly asked her Papa how he did. This was an unseasonable Question; it threw a Damp on Sir *William's* Glee, and made Tears flow, whilst he was telling her how he had lost his dear Boy. *Fanny* restrained her own Concern to comfort her Father; but did not consider that this Loss was her Gain, for by it she became sole Heiress to his Estate.

Miss *Brown* now approached *Fanny*; she had modestly sat at a Distance, and given way to more important Company.

Fanny

Fanny had not seen her dear Deliverer, for so she called her ; and after the first Endearments were over, she said, O Father, to this young Lady I owe all my future Joys in Life ; without her Assistance I had been ruined indeed. Sir *William* gave her a hearty Hug, saying, she shall be rewarded for it, if a thousand Pounds may be called a Reward. Miss *Brown* courtesied, and thanked Sir *William*, and turning to *Fanny*, acknowledged the good Providence of Heaven for thus rewarding her Return to Virtue.

C H A P. X.

*Ev'n as one Heat another Heat expels,
Or as one Nail by Strength drives out
another,
So the Remembrance of my former Love
Is by a newer Object quite forgotten.*

MRS. *Weldon* now directed her Discourse to her Nephew, declaring, that she had heard of a Gentleman's Death, which might perhaps give him some Consolation: This Gentleman was Husband to the young Lady that Mr. *Weldon* had loved before he knew *Fanny*; it was three Years since he had seen her: He had fled from Love to Pleasure, and aimed at Dissipation; but never conquered his Passion till he saw *Fanny*: He received this Account with a Sort of Indifference, saying it was too late now; he had blotted her from his Memory ever since he had seen *Fanny*; but that 'twas his Resolution to try no more of the Sex; upon which his Aunt and Sister insisted that the Lady had given him no Cause of Resentment, and that it would be a Gentleman-like Piece

Piece of Kindness to visit the forlorn Widow. Well, well, says he, I'll make her a Visit, tho' perhaps she may refuse to see me; but remember I do it to oblige my Aunt and Sister. Aye, be it so, says Mrs. *Weldon*; I'll say or do any Thing to promote the settling of a Rover, and hope to see the Flame that has been long smothered to blaze afresh.

After this Chat the Company began to appear easy, if not happy. Mr. *Weldon* was struggling with his Love, and *Fanny* was not satisfied, because Mr. *Worthy* had left his Lodging so abruptly; but she would not interrupt her Father's Joy with Doubts and Fears.

The Visitors spent some Days with Mr. *Goodwin* and his Lady; nor would they have got away, if Sir *William* had not assured them that his Presence in Town was necessary on *Charlotte's* affairs. *Fanny* always sighed when she heard her Sister's Misfortune named, and thought her Father treated the Subject with too little Concern: Indeed Sir *William* had not forgot the Behaviour of his Lady and Daughter upon the Road to *London*. Mrs. *Lockhart* had not yet made so thorough a Convert of him as to make him freely for-

give Injuries, tho' upon this very Account she endeavoured to do it.

Mr. *Weldon* took all Opportunities of doing *Fanny* little friendly Offices, which she genteely returned; and one Day took the Liberty to ask him how he had been deceived and disappointed in his first Love. He answered, that was a Subject which he had long declin'd speaking of; but that since he knew her, his affections had been so divided and alienated from the Lady whom he had loved, that now he could bear to speak of her without being affected as usual, or feeling the bitter Pangs he had been much accustomed to.

CHAP. XI.

The soft Moisture

*Fills my womanish Eyes, while on the sudden
Turns*

*Of Fate I think on Fortune's sad Reverses.
Oft when blind Mortals think themselves
secure*

*In Height of Bliss, they touch the Brink of
Ruin.*

YOU know, says Mr. *Weldon* to *Fanny*, that my Father was younger Brother to my Aunt *Weldon's* Husband, and was bred to Physic, in which he grew eminent. My Mother died when I was young, and he married a Widow Lady, who had one Daughter; but as I was out at School continually, and this young Lady often at her Uncle's, who was her Guardian; I scarcely knew her, till I was Seventeen, and she in her Fifteenth Year; we then met at Home; I had left the School, and she came to reside with his Mother for a Constancy; because her Uncle had buried his Lady: I immediately liked, nay loved her; for she

was charming in Person, but in Temper humane, chearful, generous and above the Practice of any Deception ; to other Perfections was added a Sweetness of Voice that to me excelled the finest Music : My constant Attendance and Assiduity were not lost upon Miss *Harriot* ; she was pleased with my Actions, and without thinking much of Love herself, shewed to our Parents that she had imbibed the tender Passion. My Regard had been discovered from the first ; our Parents saw it, and were not displeased at it. I was Heir to my Uncle's Estate, and Miss *Harriot* had a fortune equivalent to that Estate ; which nothing could deprive me of, except my good Aunt *Weldon* had died, and my Uncle took it into his Head, to marry, with Design to have Heirs, of which there was no Probability, as he was old and infirm. I declared my Passion to the innocent Maid, who had not learned to dissemble, so heard me with apparent Pleasure ; yet an innate Modesty made her blush, and when I touched her Hand, she trembled : Her Behaviour charmed me still more ; I grew so immoderately fond of her, that I lost the relish of every Pleasure in which she was not Partaker. We contrived by mutual Consent to be
often

often alone together, and thought we acted very cautiously, and were not suspected; but it was in vain for us to attempt concealing what every Word and Action plainly discovered; our Parents saw thro' all our little intended Deceptions, and they were Matter of Diversion to them. Thus two Years glided away, in which we enjoyed numberless Delights, without one cross Accident to disturb our Tra quillity; an Union we looked upon as certain: There was no Objection could be made with Reason; but alas! in the Midst of our Happiness we received a Blow that at once drove us to Despair: *Harriot's* Uncle had a Son, for whom he designed her, tho' he had not given the least Intimation of it. He came one day to my Father's with his Son, and said without Ceremony, that he was come to fetch *Harriot* Home, in order for her to be married to that young Gentleman. My Mother's surprize was great; she begg'd to have her Child a little longer: but he plainly told her, that he had indulged her already too much; that her Husband by his Will had left him sole Guardian to his Daughter, if his Widow entered upon a second Marriage: He added, I suppose you want to marry her to your Son-

in-Law ; but I'll take care to prevent it. This Usage shocked my Mother ; she expostulated with him upon his unreasonable Proceeding ; but he would not listen to her ; *Harriot* was ordered to prepare for the Journey. He lived at *Newbury* in *Berkshire*, where her own Servant was not allowed to follow her. I will not attempt to describe our Parting ; it was such as every Heart susceptible of the tender Passion of Love must imagine, better than Words can paint it : We vowed eternal Love and Fidelity, and she was torn from me, to be sacrificed to a Man who in no Respect, but Fortune, deserved her : He was unamiable in his Person, and disagreeable in his Temper, without Tenderness or Love ; his whole Pleasure was center'd in Drinking and Noise : His Father's House was always a Scene of Riot, void of Regularity or Sobriety. The young Fellow was not inclined to marry ; he always found some Girl in or about the House, that was foolish enough to gratify his Desires : One of these was actually with Child by him, and lived in the House when his Father carried Home the amiable and gentle *Harriot*, whom he forced to marry
his

his Son, to avoid paying her Ten Thousand Pounds, with Arrears of Interest.

Whilst he waited to carry her away I took her by the Hand and led her trembling from our Door: We exchanged soft Vows unheard by my Rival, who stood awkwardly by the Side of his Father, who was taking leave of our Parents. My Father was obliged to support the weeping Mother, whilst I tamely and foolishly suffered the dear Creature to be took away, Oh! let me not think on it: I never yet could forgive the unmanly Act of giving up my Soul's Joy to a Wretch who set no value on the inestimable Treasure.

Harriot had promised to write, and appoint a Method of Correspondence: This gave me Hopes, and was my only Consolation; I daily expected her dear Epistle; but expected in vain: I would fain have gone after her, but my Father, unwilling to cause Disturbance amongst his Wife's Relations, laid an express Command on me not to attempt it. I obeyed him, but with the utmost reluctance.

Three Months passed: The Thought of the cruel Persecution my *Harriot* was under, afflicted me; a longing Desire to see her made me languish, insomuch that

I appeared almost stupid. My Mother heard from her Brother-in-Law often, who always said the Family were all well, and sometimes *Harriot* wrote to her, but without naming me. I said she was certainly under a Restraint, and again importuned my Father to let me go; but he would not consent, till an Officer of our Acquaintance declared he was going to *Newbury*, and afterwards to *Reading*, in order to raise Recruits; with this Gentleman my Father consented to trust me, on receiving his Assurance that he would prevent me from engaging in any dangerous Enterprize. When we came near *Newbury*, I proposed disguising myself in Regimentals, which he had no Objection to; and in this Habit we entered the Town in the close of the Evening. The Bells were ringing, and the Mob were preparing a Bonfire: We asked the Reason of their Joy, and were answered, it was for a Wedding. This satisfied us. We went to the Inn, and joined Company with the lowest Class of People, that were drinking the Bride and Bridegroom's Health. The Officer was trying to entrap some of the unwary Men, while I joined in drinking healths with them. Thus near an hour passed, when one Man roared
out

out the name of young Squire ———, *Harriot's* Cousin. Aye, says another, the Bridegroom is a hearty Fellow, and none of your finikin Fops. I trembled at his Words; the Officer was alarmed: I durst not ask who he had married; but my Friend did, and I too distinctly heard my *Harriot* named. A Tremor seized me; my Spirits forsook me, and I fainted away. When I came to myself, 'twas only to feel more intense Sorrow; the bare Remembrance of it makes me shudder: Death would then have been pleasing, if I had fetched it from *Aetna's* Depth, or the petrifying Cold of the frigid Zone. I attempted with my Sword to cut the Thread of Life, which held me in Misery; but my Friend disarmed me, and when he could not be present, set a Centinel to guard me, even from myself.

When my Rage was spent, I passed some Hours in a Sort of sullen Silence; at the End of which Time my Friend came into the room, and perceiving that I began to weep, he forbore to speak till my Juices were spent in Tears, and I stood gazing on him: then he began to rally me, and abuse *Harriot*: This hurt me; I could not bear to hear the dear Creature called capricious and false. I
 begged

begged he would forbear, and I promised to behave like a Man, for I felt myself ashamed of this Weakness.

I passed the night without Sleep, and laid a Scheme to upbraid the cruel Creature. I proposed that my Friend should go the next Day to the Hall, as the People call it, for there was at this Time open House kept : I dictated in my Mind a Letter to *Harriot*, and as soon as the Sun furnished me with Light, wrote a most sorrowful Epistle, reproaching her with Breach of Faith. I delivered the Letter to my Friend, with some Particulars, which if he had Opportunity, I desired he would repeat to her. Whilst we were settling this Point a Footman from the Hall came to invite the Officer to dine there, which was immediately accepted of.

C H A P XII.

Oh ! be hush'd,
Ye Dictates of my ever-torturing Reason :
Let me not think that I have lov'd, much
less,
That I still love where all Returns are hope-
less.

With Impatience I waited the Return of my Friend, and thought it an Age, though he came soon after Tea. I saw more Concern in his Face than he usually shewed for me, and eagerly asked the Meaning of it. He had tears in his Eyes when he said, O *Weldon*, I have seen a Sight that has pierced my very Heart. I thought of nothing but that *Harriot* was murder'd, and screamed out ; but he assured me, that she was in Health, and in no Danger of Violence ; and if Grief spared her she might continue, he said, to live ; but could never be happy, for, says he, she has been deceived, and I find believed you false, or she would never have consented to a Union she now detests. A new sort of Grief then seized

me ; I felt more for her than for myself ; Pity and Rage alternately possessed my Mind : I swore Revenge, and would immediately have sought it from the Villain that had robbed me, if I had not been withheld. My Friend prevailed on me to sit down, and hear what he had seen that shocked him so much. He began with saying, I was received by the Gentleman with a rustic Welcome, and a Glass of *Nantz*. Nothing passed worth repeating till Dinner, when appeared the lovely Bride, a conscious Blush was spread over a pale Complexion ; her Eyes were languid and cast down : She received some coarse, if not indecent, Compliments from her Father, which were joined by a Horse Laugh and some Oaths from the Brute her Husband. I was shocked to see the Confusion she was in : There were several Gentlemen, but no Ladies, only a Sister of the Bridegroom's just come from the Boarding School ; she was as much confused as *Harriot*, and seemed to pity her. We sat down to Table, where the whole Discourse was about Horse-Races, Cock-Fighting, and Country-Sports, with Accounts of spending whole Nights and Days in drinking : The Bridegroom boasted of his being able to *Drink*
down

down all the neighbouring Gentry ; a Qualification peculiar to Hogs, and which a Man of Sense would deem a beastly Crime, and blush to be charged with.

The Ladies sat mute, the Subjects of Conversation being such as excluded them from speaking. After Dinner *Harriot* several Times rose from her Seat, and went to the Window, and then sat down again ; she seemed very uneasy, and would with her Sister have left us, but her Father and Husband swore they should stay that Day, tho' not to make a common Practice of it ; for, says the Husband, Women check our Conversation, and spoil Company. Soon after this Speech I followed the Bride to the Window, where I slipped the Letter down before her, and walked back again. A little Time after I observed her to hide her Face, whilst Tears forced a Passage down her Cheeks. I thought it strange that she had been false to you to make herself miserable, for Misery was visible in all her Behaviour. I perceived that she put the Letter in her Pocket, and sat down on the Chair that stood next to her : She made a sudden Noise, which alarmed the whole Company : We saw her Face

I

pale

pale as Death itself, and indeed no Sign of Life remaining. The young Lady had a Smelling-Bottle, which she with great Concern applied to her Nose, and recalled her fleeting Senses; she opened her Eyes, but seemed insensible for some Minutes; at last she held her arm out to her Sister, intimating, that she desired to leave the room. The young Lady with a Deal of Tenderneſs aſſiſted the Bride, and ſupported her as ſhe walked out of the room. Juſt as ſhe paſſed by me, her Limbs failed her, and down ſhe would have fell, if I had not jump'd up, and caught hold of her Arm: With her hand ſhe preſſed my Arm, and as well as ſhe was able thanked me for ſupporting her: She then gave me a moſt mournful, but expreſſive, Look, and in a low Voice only ſpoke the Words, *Deceived and Ruined*, and turning from me, tottered as ſhe moved along. I almoſt wept at the Sight, but checked the ſtarting Tear, as the reſt of the Company ſeemed in a Mood rather to laugh at me as an effeminate Officer, than concerned for the ſuffering Lady. I thought it ſtrange that no one appeared concerned, even her Huſband did not offer to aſſiſt her. Sure *Weldon*, they had no Humanity.

Here

Here my Friend hesitated; he saw my afflicted Situation, and begged my Excuse for having in so affecting a Manner related the very words which his Heart dictated; but he added, I was so moved with the Sight, that I have not yet recovered myself; but you must learn to bear it as a Man. Here I stopped him; I would hear no Comfort, but reclined my Head, and begged he would leave me alone, for I could hear no more. He urged me to return to *London*, and gave me undeniable Reasons for my doing so. I pleaded Love, and vowed never to leave the Place till I knew what Art had been practised to draw my dear *Harriot* into a State that made her so apparently miserable. We consulted which was the most proper Way to proceed; and it was resolved that my Friend should cultivate an Acquaintance with the Gentlemen, and by that Means find an Opportunity of receiving any Information that *Harriot* might be willing to give: When this was settled, I desired to know how her Husband behaved during, and after her fainting Fit. He hesitated, and would have declined telling me; but I insisted on hearing the Particulars, saying, his Behaviour could not equal the Idea I should form.

form of it, if he did not satisfy me. He found there was no Way to evade telling, so began again with saying, The Wretch who had married this lovely Lady, stood like a Fool the whole Time; he looked more stupid and frightened than concerned, and was, I believe, glad when she was gone, because it released him from an Appearance of Sorrow, which he did not feel. His Father saw his Confusion, and said merrily, Don't be concerned, *Jack*; this is only the Way of a fine Lady; but you must break her of it, for I'll engage there is nothing the Matter with her; it is all Affectation. The Brute thus encouraged, began to clear up his Countenance, and said, Come, we'll drink *Harriot's* Health; I hope she will learn to behave better now she is married. This was done, and every one endeavoured to be chearful; but the Lady's Distress had affected most Part of the Company, and cast a Gloom over their Mirth. I left the Hall soon after; the Bridegroom attended me to the Door, and desired my Company Tomorrow, and every Day during my Stay at *Newbury*. I answered him slightly, for as I despised his Conduct, I could scarce be commonly civil to him.

Now,

Now, my *Weldon*, I have told you all ; but would advise you for both your Sakes, not further to pursue her : Relieve her you can't, and 'twill be cruel further to distress her : Leave her as much at Ease as her Situation will permit, and divert Melancholy from your Thought by War ; this is the Season for it ; or by Pleasure, which is always in Season, and by Degrees forget her. I rashly swore I never would forget her, nor love again ; but you, my charming *Fanny*, have taught me, that the Love Casuists, who say we can Love but once, are quite mistaken ; you have confuted their Doctrine ; but I must not think of you and Love together ; yet alas ! I find you inseparable ; but *Worthy* has a prior Right, and shall have you. *Fanny* desired him to drop that Subject, and finish his Narrative. After some Reflections and Sighs, he thus continued. I thought at that Time that Pleasure was for ever banished, and fled with *Harriot* ; and as for War, Love had enervated and softened my Nature so much, that I had not Courage left to Challenge the Villain that had ruined me : I found myself rather inclined to Despair than

to.

to exert and assist myself to bear it; however, I wrote a few lines to *Harriot*, and begged to know the Motives of her Conduct. I complained, that she had never wrote to me, and that, regardless of past Protestations, she had now done a Deed which would make me wretched all my Days. My Friend went next Day to the Hall, but did not see *Harriot*; he enquired after her Health, and was told by the young Lady that she had not yet recovered the fainting Fit he had been witness of; that she was seized with a Lowness of Spirits, and could not be persuaded to Dress and come down Stairs; yet she complains not, but seems Melancholy, and wishes to be left alone: She is now in a Closet that has a dreary Prospect, where she indulges her gloomy Disorder, and my Brother, though to be sure he cannot but love so charming a Lady, yet is he such a Slave to Company and Drinking, that he won't forbear it one Day to stay with and comfort her. I hate Drinking, says my Friend, and if after Dinner you can bring her into the Garden, we perhaps may laugh her out of her Melancholy.

With

The A U C T I O N. 141

With all my Heart, says she: Just then the Bell rang for Dinner, but *Harriot* came not. The old Gentleman mutter'd out—*Perverseness*—*London Ladies*—and down sat the Company.

CH A P.

C H A P. XIII.

*Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest Science to forget !*

AFTER Dinner my Friend arose, and went into the Garden, on which the young Lady went up Stairs, and persuaded her Sister to join in Chat with the Officer ; without Loss of Time she came down, but blushed and stammer'd in attempting to speak to my Friend, who amused the Ladies with an Account of Duels, Operas, Routs, and the different Amusements which *London* afforded, and at the same time proposed to have an Assembly at *Newbury*. This was a pleasing Subject to Miss. Agreed, Captain, says she ; I'll help you to bring it to bear ; but must leave you a Moment to order Coffee, or I shall disoblige the Justice that sat next to you. Away she tripped, and left my Friend and my *Harriot*, who dropped a Letter she designed for me. My Friend then delivered mine, which she read, as well as Tears would permit. Such Beauty and such Distress, he said, surely

surely was never joined before: She wept
 a few Minutes, and then strove to raise
 her Spirits, and make use of the Oppor-
 tunity which chance then offered. I find,
 Sir, said she, that you are a Friend to
 my Brother; I must learn to call him
 so now, that I may forget he was ever
 more to me; for now even Hope, the
 Wretch's last Resource, is lost to me,
 and I am doomed to pass my Days in
 Misery; yet I am not to blame: I have
 been deceived. He tells me that I never
 wrote to him, but indeed I have, and
 bribed a poor honest Fellow to put my
 Letters in the Post-Office; yes, and saw
 him give one to the Post-Man himself:
 No Answer coming, I stole out, and
 with my own hands put a Letter amongst
 a whole Parcel, that the man might not
 know which was the one I brought. Still
 no Answer came, though I had begged
 one, and described my Anxiety on being
 pressed to marry my Cousin: I grieved in
 Silence, and feared my Lover was false;
 and at last had a Confirmation of it:
 There came a Gentleman one day to dine
 with us, whom before I had never seen:
 After Dinner they were talking of News,
 on which he took the *London Evening* out
 of his Pocket, and read several Para-
 graphs,

graphs, and at last read, or pretended to read, one I shall ever remember ; That on *Wednesday* the 17th of *August* was married at *St. Paul's Cathedral*, Mr. *Weldon*, Son to Dr. *Weldon*, to Miss *Taylor*, Daughter and Heiress to Sir *John Taylor* : He added Encomiums on the Lady, which I did not stay to hear, for I believed it, knowing the Lady was reputed to be a very great Fortune. I had just Strength enough to get to my own Room, where, but I will not pretend to describe what I felt : my Sister was very tender of me ; but I concealed my Grief from her as much as possible.

The next Day I came down to Dinner, and was every Hour importuned to marry ; Despair, and the Want of Strength to withstand the continued Solicitations of my Uncle, made me consent, for a Death or the Marriage Bed were then equally indifferent ; but now with Thankfulness I would receive the former. Here again she shed Tears : I had desired to see her in my Letter, but this she said was a rash and imprudent Request, and the granting it might make her appear criminal, tho' nothing could make her more unhappy. Just at this Time the young Lady appeared, and put a Stop to their
Conversation.

Conversation. My Friend returned without obtaining the Indulgence I requested, which made me write again, and protest in my Letter, that I never would leave the Country without seeing her. I was obstinate, and she was forced to comply. My Friend had daily Opportunities of being with her: The senseless Husband had no Love, and consequently no Jealousy. She often walked with my Friend in the Garden, and sometimes into the Fields; in one of these Walks I met her; my Soldier's Clothes kept Suspicion far from me, and, if seen, it might be thought I had Business with my Officer: I waited very near the Garden Door; but near as it was, when she appeared I could not move to meet her; my Friend supported her, or we had not met: Our Meeting, charming *Fanny*, was such as you may form an Idea of, by thinking our Case your own and *Worthy's*; no Words can describe it. We stayed above an Hour, and then we heard the young Lady calling her in the Garden: *Harriot* had made me promise to return to *London* immediately, and never more to attempt seeing her: My Friend assisted her in this reasonable Request. I vowed never to forget her, and would fain have got Leave to write

to her ; but this and every other Indulgence that she thought would contribute to keep my Flame alive, she prudently denied, however hard the Task to do it. We parted ; I saw the Door shut her from my Sight : I was alone, and cursed my own Fate, with the innocent Wall and Door, that hid her from me ; but recollecting that she had often with her dear Hands opened that Door, I kissed the senseless Wood, which before I had cursed : In this frantic Condition I laid me down on the Grass, till my Friend's Servant, who was privy to all our Actions, wisely came in Quest of me ; he raised me up, and led me Home ; the People in the Street saying, that poor Soldier looks as if he was dying. My Friend was not long after me ; he would not say one Word of *Harriot*, till I had promised to set out for *London* the next Morning ; but then he gave me an Account that almost made me unfit to Travel : He had provided a Chaise, and sent his Servant with me : Just as I was parting from him, he gave me a Bit of Paper with a Ring in it : As soon as I was out of the Town, I opened it, and found the Ring, which I well remembered to have seen my *Harriot* wear : I kissed the dear Token, and then
saw

saw wrote on the Paper, but by a Hand that had trembled so, as scarcely to be able to write one Word legible, *Forget me, and may you be happy.* I cried out, O impossible! both, both impossible! There is no Happiness without my *Harriot*.

My Father and Mother had heard of *Harriot's* Fate, and sent a Messenger to fetch me Home; but he missed us on the Road, and I came to them in a Condition that both grieved and surprized them; my Mother was inconsolable for her Daughter, who she well knew was made wretched, by Force or Artifice: But there's no End, charming *Fanny*, of repeating our wretched Circumstances; a thousand happened; my Mother met with daily Congratulations upon her Daughter's Marriage; every one of which stabbed me to the Heart: My Father saw it, and began to fear it would affect my Health; he was anxious for an only Son, and proposed my making the Tour of *Europe* with some young Gentlemen that were going: I readily complied, not that I expected any Pleasure, but every Place was alike to me.

Soon after I left *England*, my Uncle died, and my Father enlarged my Remittances, and enabled me to enjoy all the

Pleasures of Variety. I staid two years abroad without once wishing to see my native Country; and had not been long come over, when I paid a visit to my Aunt, and saw you. My Father, upon inheriting the Estate, left practising of Physic, and now lives at *Chester*, where I should have been long before this Time, if I had not been detained by you.

Fanny had prolonged her Walk to hear Mr. *Weldon's* Story out; she pitied *Harriot*, and wished that she might yet enjoy many Years of Happiness with Mr. *Weldon*, whose love for herself she looked upon only as an Interruption of a short Continuance. They joined the Company, where Mr. *Weldon's* Love had been the Subject treated on, and his Aunt was saying *Harriot* had no Child, and was to enjoy her Uncle's Estate at his Death, if he died without Male Heirs: They had concluded to persuade the young Gentleman to go directly to his Father's House, as well to separate him from *Fanny* as to give him an Opportunity of seeing *Harriot*, who they supposed would soon be with her Mother, for the House she was in had always appeared even worse than a Prison to her.

The

The next Day brought them all to *London*, where Mrs. *Weldon* desired Sir *William* to leave *Fanny* with her, saying, as she had comforted her in her Affliction, she hoped now to enjoy the Pleasure of seeing her happy. *Fanny* joined in the Request, only saying, that she thought it her Duty to go first to see her Mother and Sister. Sir *William* consented to both, and took her Home.

C H A P. XIV.

*Trust me——with Woman worth a wise
Man's Wish,
The softest Lover ever best succeeds.*

MR. *Weldon* was greatly affected at parting with *Fanny*; but soon after he met with Letters from his Father, which came upon the first News of *Harriot's* Husband's Death, to acquaint him with it, and to hasten him Home to meet her there, as she now intended to reside with them: This was what Mrs. *Weldon* wished for her, and the young Gentleman seemed pleased with it.

The very next Day he left *London*, resolved never to return till he had conquered his hopeless Passion for *Fanny*. Lady *Forrester* and *Charlotte* could not see that young Lady without some Emotion and Confusion. *Charlotte's* bad Conduct and Misfortune had altered the Situation of the Sisters: *Fanny* was now to be the happy Lady, and *Charlotte* to live in Obscurity, at least for some Time. *Fanny* shed
Tears

Tears when she saw them; *Charlotte's* Countenance was altered; her Gaiety turned into Gravity; her Person neglected, and her whole Behaviour the Reverse to what it had been. They saw that *Fanny* pitied them, and instead of esteeming her for this unmerited Tenderneſs, they hated both her and themſelves for it: Such was the Malignity of their Diſpoſitions; ſhe ſaw that they were in Pain while ſhe ſtayed with them, and that Sir *William* greatly augmented it, by his Encomiums on her, for he durſt now exert himſelf, and ſhew his Love for *Fanny*, and boaſt of a Behaviour which they had cruelly cenſured. *Fanny* left them, little ſatisfied with her Reception. Sir *William* went with her to Mr. *Bafnet*. Mrs. *Lockbart* heard her Brother's Voice in the Hall, ſaying, Come *Fanny*: She flew to the dear Child, as ſhe uſually called her, and affectionately claſping her in her Arms, returned Thanks to that Power which had reſtored and preſerved her: a Reception ſo different to what ſhe had met with at Home, excited *Fanny's* Gratitude to ſuch a Degree, that ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe was released, fell on her Knees and bleſſed her good Aunt, by whoſe Advice ſhe had been enabled to rely with Confidence on

the divine Protection. Sir *William's* Eye^s overflowed with Joy, while he cried There's a good Girl for you, Sister. Mr. *Bafnet* and his Lady followed Mrs. *Lockhart* and saluted *Fanny* : Her Beauty and the natural Gracefulness of her Limbs charmed her Friends : When she spoke, her Sweetness and lovely Modesty made them acknowledge that Mr. *Worthy* had Reason for Distraction, on being informed that he had for ever lost such an amiable young Lady. *Fanny* had been uneasy about that Gentleman ever since she had found out that he had left his Lodgings, and was pleased to hear Mr. *Bafnet* say, that he would that Minute write to Mrs. *Worthy*, and inclose a letter for her Son. Mrs. *Lockhart*, always mindful of the unfortunate, enquired how Mr. *Weldon* had been able to support himself under the Loss of *Fanny* (for Sir *William* had wrote to her from Mr. *Goodwin's*, and acquainted her with all that had happened there.) *Fanny* gave her a short Detail of his former Passion for *Harriot* ; adding, they all hoped it would now return, and make him happy. The good Lady joined in their Wishes, saying, He is generous and honourable, notwithstanding his late Behaviour. Sir *William* vowed

vowed that next to *Worthy* he would give his Girl to *Weldon*. They supped at Mr. *Basnet's*, and *Fanny* had the pleasure to hear the Letter read, that gave Mr. *Worthy* an Account of her Safety, and assured him that a Journey to *London* would compleat his Happiness: An Invitation to Mrs. *Worthy* was sent by Sir *William*, for Mrs. *Lockhart* thought that was not to be omitted in that Lady's Condition. Sir *William* carried *Fanny* to Mrs. *Weldon's*, and when he left her, said, he left all the Pleasure of his Life behind him. He returned indeed to disappointed Pride, and mortified Ambition; he found the little good Humour that lately began to appear, quite gone; his Lady and Daughter chose to be silent; but if obliged to speak in Answer to some Question, their Words plainly manifested their inward Vexation; but he comforted himself with the Thought that his *Fanny* would be happy, and live near him, and always ready and glad to receive him, when he fled from the forbidding Countenances of his Wife and *Charlotte*.

The Letters were sent to Mrs. *Worthy*, who received 'em whilst her Son was riding out; this was the only Pleasure she could persuade him to take, for he still declined

all Company : She was afraid of a Confirmation of his Misfortunes, and opened her Letter in fear ; but when she read Sir *William's* invitation to herself and Son, with a promise to make him happy with his *Fanny* ; she had not Patience to wait his Return, but walked out to meet him, which happened not till she was weary : On Sight of her, the young Gentleman alighted from his Horse, and climbed the Ditch-Bank to get to her, and know the Cause of her coming out such an unusual Way from Home. Mrs. *Worthy's* Countenance soon dissipated his his Fears ; she gave him his Letter, saying, that her Honour had suffered a great Temptation, for it was with Difficulty that she had restrained from opening it, as her own was short, and contained no Particulars. Quick as Lightening his Eyes ran over the Epistle, as if it had been an Extraordinary Gazette, till he came to the Place which said *Fanny* was not married ; here Joy stopped him ; he could read no further for some Minutes ; he said it was enough, and he would enjoy that Thought some time, before he would hazard the being deprived of it by what might follow ; but Mrs. *Worthy* assured him that his Fears were in vain, and

I

he

he would increase his Joy by finishing the Letter ; he did so, and embracing his Mother, he cried out, O Madam, I shall no more give you Pain by a Melancholy that would have destroyed me : I am invited to the Arms of my *Fanny* : Supreme Delight ! Celestial Blessing ! I have wished for Death, but Life will now bring Joy, and Time pass too swiftly on. Thus he continued, till they reached the House, where he again read the Letter, and ordered his Horses to be got ready, forgetting that Mr. *Basnet* had from Sir *William* desired him to bring Mrs. *Worthy* to partake of the general Joy. Son, says she, you did not attend to some parts of your Letter. O Madam, forgive my Neglect ; 'twas Love engrossed my whole Attention, and got the Upper-hand even of Duty ; but I will countermand my Orders, and wait till Morning for you. Mrs. *Worthy* smiled, and said, she would not retard his Joy, nor confine him to travel at her slow Pace ; adding, my Cousin *Wilson* talks of going to *London* ; I will engage him immediately to set out with me : We shall know where to find you. This pleased the young Gentleman, as it suited his Impatience. *Ned* was gone to the Stable with the Horses, and insisted that

that the Footman was mad who brought Orders that he should put the Bridles on again, for that his Master was getting ready to set out. *Ned*, without Hesitation, ran into the Parlour, to know what the Man meant; and there found his Master much altered; he was become a new Man, and cried out in Rapture, O *Ned*, my Fellow Traveller, *Fanny* is found, and we must now go and fetch her. Brave Luck, says *Ned*, and fell to capering and jumping about the Room, as if he had been bit with a Tarantula. I beg your Pardon, Madam, cries *Ned*, I had forgot myself; but will get ready, and go thro' the world with my Master. I was glad to see your Joy, *Ned*, says Mrs. *Worthby*; here are Five Guineas to buy you a Watch when you come to *London*; but as your Time is short, make the most on it; open the Cellars, and ask the Tenants to come and be merry. This was done with Expedition, and Numbers came Time enough to see the young Squire set out, and wish him a good Journey.

Mrs. *Worthby* had soon got a Number of Guests, that were Well-Wishers to her House; she seemed pleased with their Company; drank their Healths, and ordered

dered a plentiful Supper to be placed before them. Tho' once an Advocate for *Charlotte*, and prejudiced in her Favour, as being her Sister's Daughter, she now rejoiced that her Son had made a more prudent Choice ; and doubtless had she known the reciprocal Love of her Son and *Fanny*, she would long before have strove to unite them in Marriage, and since *Fanny* was become an Heiress, she had greater Reason to consent with Pleasure to make them happy.

Mr. *Worthy* thought this the longest Night, tho' it was the happiest he had ever passed. He made all possible Haste to the first Post Town, where he sent back his Horses, and took a Post Chaise, making Ned his Companion. Their Journey was just the Reverse to what it was when they travelled down, for now Ned was allowed to talk as much as he pleased ; but he found that *Fanny* was the only Subject listened to with Attention. They came to Sir *William's* very late the next Night, and Mr. *Worthy* was not a little disappointed to hear that *Fanny* was not there, and that consequently he could not see her till Morning : His Aunt and *Charlotte* were just going to Bed ; they received him with great Formality and Coolness, and

and after enquiring why Mrs. *Worthy* did not come with him, and receiving for Answer, that his Impatience to see *Fanny* would not allow him to travel her Pace, they retired, sufficiently mortified with this Answer. Mr. *Worthy* had travelled hard, and was very much fatigued; but that was no Excuse to Sir *William*; he insisted on their emptying a Bottle of Claret to *Fanny's* Health; as soon as the Ladies had left the Room, he rose up, took Mr. *Worthy* in his Arms, and gave him a friendly Hug, and then shook Hands with him, saying, My dear Boy, I am glad to see thee; Heaven has preserved my *Fanny* for thee, and I hope yet to see happy Days, tho' I am plagued with two Vixens, but have just learnt not to mind them: They drank their Bottle, over which Sir *William* recited all Mr. *Weldon's* Behaviour to *Fanny*, with an imperfect Account of *Harriot*. Mr. *Worthy* freely forgave his Friend the Injury he had done to *Fanny*, and himself, when he considered his Motive for doing it, and his Generosity upon finding out his Mistake. Sir *William* before he went to Bed, ordered a Servant to go very early in the Morning to Mrs. *Weldon's* with the News to *Fanny*, for he said, Perhaps a sudden and unexpected Sight

Sight of you may throw the Girl into one of those fits that her Sister has, either when she's overjoyed, or in a passion, though I never heard that *Fanny* had any of them.

C H A P. XV.

*Love that is often cross'd, at length obtain'd,
Is sweeter far than Pleasure eas'ly gain'd.*

LONG before Mrs. *Weldon's* Servants would have thought of rising, *Ned*, with one of Sir *William's*, knocked at her Door; this very early Visit was owing to *Ned*, who knew his Master's Impatience would anticipate the Servant's earliest Design, and perhaps surprize *Fanny*, notwithstanding Sir *William's* Caution; a drowsy Fellow came to the Door, and hearing their Business, was not very well pleased, but said, I'll tell Miss when she rises, for I suppose she would not see the Gentlemen in Bed; and added, I thought the House was on Fire, you made such Noise; and then attempted to shut the Door; but this Answer did not satisfy *Ned*; he said, This won't bear telling to my Master: Pray have not you a Miss *Brown* in the House? And being answered in the Affirmative, he desired to speak to her: The Fellow said, you may as well speak to them both together, for they are in one Bed; but I'll tell them
at

at Breakfast what you say. He offered again to shut the Door, but *Ned* would not depart till one of the Maids was called up; she went and told *Fanny* that Mr. *Worthy* was come. *Fanny* started up, crying, Where? Where? He is not in the Room, is he? The Servant answered, I know no more than that *Will* bid me tell you, Madam, that he was come. Miss *Brown* was waked; she sent the Woman down to enquire Particulars, which *Ned* told her, and then left the House satisfied. She returned, and acquainted the young Ladies with *Ned's* Answer. Miss *Brown* assisted *Fanny* in dressing, for Surprize and Joy had caused such a Palpitation at her Heart, that she was forced to apply a Smelling-Bottle to her Nose several Times. Miss *Brown* would have studied which was the most becoming Undress, but *Fanny* would not admit Mr. *Worthy's* Love to be such as could be heightened or diminished by Dress; she was always clean and neat, and thought that sufficient now: Her Knees trembled as she went down Stairs; they both sat by the Fire, where *Fanny* composed herself, and prepared for the Interview, while *Ned* was relating what he had done. Mr. *Worthy* had been some
Time

Time up, and not hearing of *Ned*, began, on his Appearance, to chide him, till *Ned* declared how he had been employed. The Squire and his Man soon after set out for Mrs. *Weldon's*. *Fanny* was telling Miss *Brown* that she was quite recovered of her Surprize, and could see Mr. *Worthy* now without Emotion, when a Knock at the Door (though not a loud one) quite fluttered her again. Miss *Brown* met Mr. *Worthy* in the Hall, and shewed him into the Room, and then shut the Door, and left them. Mr. *Worthy* flew to his *Fanny*, who could not rise to receive him; nor would Joy let him remember, that something was due to the Delicacy of a modest young Lady; he clasped her in his trembling Arms, and almost stifled her with Kisses, before either of them recollected that this was not according to prescribed Rules; Nature thus dictated, and they acted without any other Guide at this Time. *Fanny* found her Error, and forebore being passive; she struggled faintly, and blushed excessively, and with a Voice that invited, while she designed to forbid his Caresses, said, O Mr. *Worthy*, this is not right. Not right! He cried; by Heavens, no Action of my whole Life was ever so
right

right, nor gave me any Pleasure like it; it is new; I know no Name for it; it is Extacy. O *Fanny*, *Fanny*, do you not feel an unusual Something? I cannot describe it; but you must feel it, or you could not thus inspire it. Mr. *Worthy* was silent; his Eyes fixed on *Fanny*, while she yearned to return his Fondness; but could only say, with apparent Restraint to her Inclinations, Forbear; pray Sir, forbear; I am quite confused; I don't know what I am doing: I have suffered you to take Liberties that I ought not to have done? I don't know why, but you surprized me: I was unprepared to see you. No, no, *Fanny*, Mr. *Worthy* said, you was prepared just as I would have you be; you love, my Charmer: Do not blush, because I tell you so, for nothing but the Knowledge of that could have preserved the Life of your unworthy *Worthy*, for I can never deserve you, tho' my whole Life shall be devoted to your Pleasure, and to my own too, for I must partake in all my *Fanny's* Joys; I can know no other. *Fanny* listened in Rapture, and would have spoke; but no Words that she knew would answer her End; she wanted to confess her Love, and
yet

yet conceal it at the same Time; but she had no Art sufficient to do that.

They had been above an Hour together, when Mrs. *Weldon* sent to let them know, that Breakfast was ready: They were both asham'd of they knew not what, and looked a little foolish when Mrs. *Weldon* congratulated them. Miss *Brown's* Eyes almost spoke her Satisfaction. Before they had done Breakfast, Sir *William* came: he said he longed to see his young Folks together, and blessed them till he cried for Joy: He was for having them married directly, to prevent Accidents; but *Fanny* desired that it might be deferred some Time longer, and Mrs. *Weldon* said, she thought *Fanny* should have some Pleasure first. Pleasure! Sir *William* answered; why, Madam, I marry her to have Pleasure, because the poor Girl has had none yet. Mr. *Worthy* was of Sir *William's* Mind, but the Ladies over-ruled, and it was determined that *Fanny* should appear in Town, as Sir *William's* Heir, and enjoy the pleasurable Time of Courtship, at least a few Weeks. Sir *William* said, he would leave the Time and Manner of doing it to the Ladies who were her Friends, and give them a thousand Pounds to buy her all Necessaries

laries, and what they judged requisite. Mr. *Worthy* added, that his Mother was bringing his *Fanny* the few ornamental Jewels that she was possessed of, and he desired Mrs. *Weldon* to assist *Fanny* in the Choice of what was fashionable and proper; for which End he said he would put a Thousand Pounds into her Hands. *Fanny* opposed this Profusion of Finery, saying, she was content with enjoying her good Friend's Company without a public Appearance to the World; but Sir *William* said, she should be shewn, for he was proud of her, and would let the World see that he had a Daughter deserving Admiration. Mr. *Worthy* too said, that next to calling *Fanny* his own, the greatest Pleasure he had any Idea of, would be to appear with her in public, and enjoy the exulting Pleasure of seeing the Croud of envious Beaux adoring his *Fanny*, while he knew himself to be the sole Possessor of her Heart. Mrs. *Weldon* approved of what the Gentlemen, said, but excused her Service in equipping *Fanny*, as she was ignorant of the Dress in Fashion; but said, Mrs. *Basnet* and her Niece *Goodwin* could do it, and with them she said *Fanny* might appear in the World: All this was approved of, and concluded
 on,

on, and Sir *William* went home to fetch the thousand Pounds.

Fanny was now in the Height of Happiness; she had long been in an Abyss of Misery, and felt the Transition with a Keeness of Joy unknown to those who have always experienced uninterrupted Pleasures. She yielded to the Desires of her Friends, and suffered them to adorn her Person and regulate her Conduct. After Breakfast, she went with Mr. *Worthy* to Mrs. *Basnet's*; he entered with *Fanny* in his Hand, and Joy in his Eyes; they had not heard he was come to Town, and were surprized at the Haste he had made. Good Mrs. *Lockhart* expressed the great Pleasure she felt at seeing them together, and said, she hoped they would always consider their Happiness as a Reward for their Virtue. After observing the sad Catastrophe of *Charlotte's* Vanity, she enlarged upon the Solidity of those Pleasures that result from a Conscientiousness of virtuous Conduct. They both felt the Strength of her Arguments, and thanked her, and *Fanny* again owned how much she was indebted to her good Advice and Instruction. Sir *William* met them there, and put some Bank Bills into the Hands of his Daughter.

Next

Next Day was fixed on for Mrs. *Basnet*, Mrs. *Weldon*, Mrs. *Goodwin* and *Fanny* to begin the Business of Dress. The Lovers dined at Mr. *Basnet*'s, where Mrs. *Weldon* was sent for; and in the Afternoon they all went to Mr. *Goodwin*'s, for that Family were equally fond of *Fanny*; indeed such Beauty and Sweetness of Temper could not fail to make her esteemed wherever she was known. Mrs. *Weldon* had that Day received a Letter from her Brother *Weldon*, in which he informed her that his Son was well arrived at Home, and that *Harriot*'s Joy had shone through her Mourning; and added, he believed she would soon be his Daughter in a double Capacity. Indeed it is not to be wondered that *Harriot*'s Love rekindled, after an Imprisonment of three Years, occasioned by her Union with a Man she loathed, destitute of every Qualification necessary for social Life. She mourned the Loss of her *Weldon* in Silence. Custom obliged her to mourn outwardly for her Husband, but it could not force her to grieve inwardly, nor was she such a Hypocrite, as to pretend to it: She had lost the Gaiety of Youth, and contracted a grave Look, by Reason of the ill Treatment she received from her brutish Husband

band: A conscious Knowledge of his own Propensity to Vice had rendered his Judgment so depraved, that he believed all Persons, both Male and Female, capable of doing every Evil they had Temptation to do. Before the Honey-Moon had passed, he grew jealous, not from Love, but from a Consciousness of his own Imperfections. *Harriot* bore the worst with Calmness, which he construed into Viciousness, insisting on it, that she found some private Consolation; to deprive her of which, above a Year before he died, he confined her within Doors, and set a Spy upon her, whose minute Inspection could never give him an Information sufficient to keep Suspicion alive, yet suspicious he was to his latest Hours, and if it had been in his Power would have deprived her of the very Means of Living; but she was Heir to his Estate, which seemed to afflict him to the last; he had prejudiced his Father against her; no Wonder then that *Harriot* left the House as soon as Decency would permit, and shortly after entertained Hopes of living more agreeably.

CHAP. XVI.

*Life without Love's a Load, and Time
stands still;*

*What we refuse to him, to Death we give,
And then, then only, when we love we live.*

MR. Weldon with much Loss of Time set out for his Father's, where he found *Harriot* all lovely, though in Weeds. She threw off the fashionable stiff Reserve of Widowhood, and frankly owned she was pleased to see him; from her own Heart she judged herself secure of his; nor did he give her Cause to alter her Opinion, for the Sight of her alone caused a pleasing Sensation, and her natural and well known Way of shewing her Love, which he had not forgot, nor *Harriot* learned to hide, soon revived his Passion. *Fanny* was now remembered only as a charming and ever to be valued young Lady; Love for her was obliterated; it had sprung up in his Breast, but not having Time to take Root, was soon removed, when Reason and the long ri-

vetted Charms of *Harriot* came in Prospect. The Lady strove a little to check his Addresses, saying, that some Regard should be paid to the short Space of her Widowhood. Yes, says he, and small shall be the Regard I'll pay to the Memory of a Man who forceably detained from me what was ever my own by our mutual Consent. Come, my *Harriot*, past Cares are not worth our present Attention; let us strive to redeem Time past, and *live to Day*. These Words were pleasing; they bore down Opposition, and both Parties appeared mutually pleased with each other; *Harriot* recovered with Ease of Mind her usual Bloom of Beauty, which had almost left her when her Tyrant died: Her Joy of Heart made her appear gay, as if she had never tasted the bitter Cup of Sorrow; and Mr. *Weldon* became as much in Love as ever. They had nothing now to restrain them, nor any Fears to fly from, so it was concluded, that at the end of Three Months, Marriage should for ever unite the Lovers. Meantime it was proposed by their Parents that they should all make a Trip to *London*, in order to see the World. The young Gentleman desired it might be deferred for some Time, saying, he was

tired

tired with rambling, and would rather without Interruption enjoy the Time with his *Harriot* : This she opposed not, for in her Heart she wished Leisure to enjoy her Lover's Company, where Time smoothly passed away, and Days seemed only as Hours. Mr. *Weldon*, tho' possessed of all he wished for, yet was afraid to trust himself near *Fanny*, which Consideration had some Weight, and inclined him to postpone the *London* Journey for two Months, during which he had so refixed his whole Love on *Harriot*, that all the united Power of Beauty, Virtue and Sense, could not shake it. All this Time he corresponded with Mr. *Worthy* and his Aunt, to whom he gave an Account of the Progress of his Passion, and at the same Time heard an Account of his Friend's Transactions in Town. Every Day brought an Addition of Happiness to those Lovers, as they were every Day nearer the Completion of all their Wishes. *Fanny* looked with Amazement on the Multitude of fine Things that were daily bought for her, and began to be pleased with adorning her Person ; a Pleasure she was before a Stranger to, nor did she now feel it upon her own Account ; she was very sensible that it added nothing to her

intrinsic worth; but the Raptures she saw Mr. *Worthy* in, and the Delight he expressed when she appeared in any new ornamented Dress, gave her exquisite Pleasure. It was now determined that she should appear in public, for she had never so much as seen a Play in *London*, and Mr. *Worthy* desired that the first she saw might be with him alone, for as her Sense was conspicuous in every Word she spoke, and in every Remark that she made, he was curious to hear the Judgment of Reason unprejudiced, and for that Purpose took her (both in an Undress) into the Gallery: The Play was *ZARA*, which affecting Character was filled by Mrs. *Cibber*, who appeared transformed into the very Person she represented.

Mr. *Garrick* seemed Nature herself, or *Lusignan* returned from the *Elysian* Shades. Here *Fanny* unexpectedly wept, as it had been more customary to laugh at the Tragedies whined out in *Gloucestershire*, and declared that she had oft heard a Sermon with less Improvement than she found in the moral Play just exhibited.

After the Play, came Mrs. *Clive* with her comic Face, and in the Representation of *Nell* in the *DEVIL TO PAY*, dispelled the Clouds from *Harriot's* Countenance,
on

on which quick appeared a lovely Gaiety ; but this met with an undeserved Check : *Hillary* chanced to be in the Gallery, and seeing *Fanny* in an Undress, concluded that her Parents had abandoned her, as he had often seen her Sister *Charlotte* glittering in the Boxes, and knew they were both Sir *William's* Daughters ; glad to find her thus circumstanced, he did not lose much Time in attempting to seize his Prey ; he got Leave to pass the Person who sat behind her, and whilst Mr. *Worthy* was attentive to Lady *Loverule* in *Nell's* Bed, *Hillary* clapped his Mouth close to *Fanny's* Ear, and in a Whisper said, O, I have caught you, Miss : Now you shall pay me for Board and Clothes, or I'll——At that Instant *Fanny* turned her Head ; the hated Sight of *Hillary* increased her Fright, and giving a sudden Skriek, she fainted away. Mr. *Worthy* quickly clasped hold of her, and convinced all around how much he was concerned in her Safety. *Hillary* saw this, and sneaked away before *Fanny* sufficiently recovered to declare the Cause of her Fright, which she did not only to Mr. *Worthy*, but to those around her, giving to *Hillary* the branding Epithet of seducing Villain. *Worthy* called out to seize the Wretch,

but he had escaped and mixed with the Crowd. *Worthy* then swore he would the next Day be revenged on the Knave. *Fanny* only smiled at his Menaces, well knowing that *Hillary's* emaciated Carcase secured her Lover from the Danger of such an Attempt. Just then the Entertainment finished; Mr. *Worthy* stuck pretty close to *Fanny*, and found *Ned* at the Foot of the Stairs, who called out aloud for Sir *William Forrester's* Coach, which Mr. *Hillary*, who was screened behind the Chairmen, had the Mortification to see, and that Mr. *Worthy* handed *Fanny* into it. *Hillary* from this concluded that *Fanny* was reconciled to her Father, and that 'twas in vain to pursue her.

Mr. *Worthy* was told by *Ned* that his Mother was at Sir *William's*, for he added, the Coachman says his Lady's Sister is come to Town; upon this the Coach was ordered there without calling at Mrs. *Weldon's*, for he told *Fanny* that she must give a Lady, who had travelled so far to see her, the first Opportunity of doing it. Mrs. *Worthy* did not expect to see her Son that Night, much less *Fanny*, and was agreeably surprized; she carressed them, and called them her dear Children.

dren. Mr. *Worthy* desired that now his Marriage might be solemnized, and Sir *William* said it should, for he longed to have it over. *Fanny* declared that as yet her's was but a Negative Voice, and that she could do nothing without the Approbation of Mrs. *Weldon* and Mrs. *Lockhart*, who had determined to defer it a little longer till Sir *William's* troublesome Business was at an End: This Point determined, Mr. *Worthy* saw his intended Bride safe at Home, and bad the Ladies Good Night.

C H A P. XVII.

——— — *Passions fierce illapse*
Rouses the Mind's whole Fabric ; with
Supplies
Of daily Impulse keeps th' elastic Pow'rs
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that Collision all the fine Machine,
Else Rust would rise, and Foulness by
Degrees
Encumb'ring, choak at last what Heav'n
designed
For ceaseless Motion and a Round of Toil.

MR. *Worthy* did not enjoy much Re-
 pose, for Resentment wholly filled
 his Breast. Early the next Morning he
 arose, and taking his Sword bid *Ned* fol-
 low him : Honest *Ned* would have used a
 Freedom he had been accustomed to,
 but his Master refused to hear him. They
 left the Lodgings, while *Ned* almost trem-
 bled with Fear for his Master's Safety,
 but durst not expostulate with him.
 When they entered *Gray's-Inn*, *Ned* be-
 came tolerable easy : Mr. *Worthy* went
 directly

directly to Mr. *Hillary's* Chambers, and on asking to speak with him, the Laundress said he would be up in about an Hour, but Mr. *Worthy* with a commanding Voice, said he must speak to him immediately. This she told to Mr. *Hillary*, who arose, and came into the Room with as much Ease in his Looks as a Mind and Body in his Condition would admit of. Mr. *Worthy's* Resentment was allayed at the Sight of what may be called Mr. *Hillary's* Skeleton; he was tall, and had been lusty, but was by Diseases reduced and become a shocking Spectacle; 'tis needless to describe him; he had the Look of a Person half dead from a Deep Consumption; he desired to know Mr. *Worthy's* Business, in a Voice both hollow and weak. Mr. *Worthy* stood motionless at the Sight of this Epitome of human Misery; Anger, Scorn and Pity by turns filled his Breast: The meagre Gentleman again desired to know if he had any Business with him, and Mr. *Worthy* with disdain answered, No; thy Crimes, Wretch, have done what I intended; 'twas Revenge I came for, but thou art fallen too low to feel it from me. *Hillary* began to tremble, for Mr. *Worthy* sternly held his Hand upon his Sword, and by his en-

I 5

raged

raged Looks seemed to threaten immediate Death; but he soon collected Courage enough to say, How have I injured you, Sir? I don't remember to have ever seen you. No, Villain, Mr. *Worthy* replied, but thou hast injured me in a Part dearer to me than my Eyes: Pray Sir, he added with Scorn and Disdain, do you remember a young Lady that you were so kind when the House she lodged in was on Fire, to conduct to these cursed Apartments; and do you remember Sir, that she told you she was Daughter to Sir *William Forrester*, of *Park-Forrest*: Saying this, Mr. *Worthy* came close up to *Hillary*, who with a faltering Voice, said, I never injured the Lady, Sir; she was a great Expence to me; I never injured her. Mr. *Worthy* exalted his Voice, and said, Villain, thou liest! thou didst injure her greatly. Then recollecting himself, he said calmly, But why do I thus disturb myself about an abject Wretch, whose long practised Crimes have kindled a Hell within him, which consumes and gives him a Foretaste of what he must eternally endure. I leave thee Wretch, to thy conscious Misery; I cannot gratify my Revenge on thy rotten Carcase. Saying this, he left the Chambers. *Hil-*
lary

lary could not speak ; his Heart was dead within him ; with Difficulty he walked to his Bed ; he threw himself down, and groaned with Agony of Soul : Mr. *Worthy's* Words had penetrated his Heart, and dreadful Horror seized him.

Ned met his Master at the Bottom of the Stairs, and said, he had been talking with his old Acquaintance the Landress, from whom he learned that *Kitty* was reduced to extreme Poverty ; that *Hillary* had put her into *Bridewell*, and charged her with robbing him, though, says the Landress, he found his Bank Notes in the Custody of his Servant *Watcher* ; but *Kitty* is still under the dreadful Apprehension of being convicted on his Oath at the *Old-Baily*. *Ned* was going on, but his Master stopped him, saying, Take this Guinea for her Relief, and tell her that Mr. *Hillary* shall not prosecute her ; and if she will reform and lead a sober and regular Life, I'll get her received into the Hospital for Penitent Prostitutes, or send her to board with a Tenant I have in *Wales*.

C H A P. XVIII.

*I am a Garment worn, a Vessel crack'd,
A Load unty'd, a Lilly trod upon !
A fragrant Flower crop'd by another Hand,
My Colour sully'd, and my Odour chang'd.*

NED was glad of this Employ, and ran to the Relief of *Kitty* : he found her at hard Labour ; her Beauty not only gone, but the very Remains obscured ; her Complexion fallow ; her Eyes become languid ; her Flesh consumed, and her Bones scarce covered with Skin : No Wonder if a Wretch like this escaped the Notice of *Ned* ; he stood in the Place where she was, looking for her among Creatures, whose Sight and Behaviour shocked him ; but he did not enquire for her, being well assured that *Kitty* was not there : He was turning to leave the Place, when a Woman asked him if he wanted any Body there, and upon his naming *Kitty*, the Woman pointed to the farther End of the Room, saying Yonder she is. *Ned* walked up to her, but still did not distinguish which was his old Acquaintance,

tance, till a squalid Wretch, who before had not lifted up her Eyes, said, *O Ned, I am Kitty*; why do you come after a Wretch like me? Has Curiosity brought you here? *Ned* was struck with Astonishment, and *Kitty* burst into Tears, and till she had vented her Sorrow for some Minutes, could not hear what *Ned* had to say; but when she understood his Master's Intentions, and saw the Guinea, in Extasy she fell on her Knees, and invoked the Blessing of Heaven on Mr. *Worthy*. All the People were gathered about her, and *Ned* was forced to give them some Money to make Way, that he might get *Kitty* from them into the open Air. The Gaoler, who had before severely beaten the poor Wretch, for not performing her Task, and using more Strength than her slender Pittance of Support gave her, now asked her kindly what she chose to drink. *Kitty* looked at *Ned*, who ordered some hot Wine, and a pot of Coffee immediately. They were put into a clean Room, where *Kitty* told *Ned*, that the Woman at whose House he left her, assisted to spend her Money, and then to pawn her Cloaths. When all was gone, says she, Reflection seized me; I then began to feel the Misery which sooner or later attends the

Course of Life I had led; for near a Month I was as wretched in my own Mind as I have been here; agonizing Thoughts preyed upon and made me an unsocial Companion. When Night came on I ventured out, and, to add to my Wretchedness, *Hillary* met me, and charging the Watch with the Custody of my Person, I was quickly led to the Round-House, where he declared that I had robbed him of some Hundreds in Money, besides Plate; and swore bitterly, that I should be hanged at *Tyburn*. I protested my Innocence, but gained no Belief; he gave the Watchmen Money to take Care of me, and in the Morning I was sent by a Justice of Peace to this infernal Den, where for five Weeks past I've been in daily Fear of being carried to *Newgate*. O *Ned*, *Ned*, see the Reward of Vice; there is not a Wretch amongst all this Gang of Thieves so miserable as I am; they have always been inured to Want and Hard Labour, and now vent their Grief, if they really feel any, in ill Language; but I have felt inward Sorrow, not to be described; to which has been added, the Abuse of these Wretches, because I would not join them. My Family, my Education, the Joys of my younger Days,

Days, when reflected on, all contribute to increase my Woes, which without the Addition of legal Punishment, would soon have destroyed me, if you had not brought me some Relief. *Ned* then called the Turnkey, and asked for what Offence *Kitty* was detained. The Man said he did not know; there had been a Sessions since she came there, and no one appeared against her; but that there were some Fees due to his Master before she could be set free. *Ned* enquired how much, and paid down the Purchase of her Liberty, and though ashamed to walk with her in the forlorn State she appeared, yet he would not leave her there, but removed her to the next Public House, which chanced to be kept by a Widow, who appeared to be a good Sort of a Body; she looked with Compassion on *Kitty*, and said, Poor Creature. *Ned* desired that she would let her sit alone till he returned; adding, she will not hurt you, for she is more unfortunate than faulty: This he said to move Compassion, for *Kitty's* Appearance plainly shewed from whence she came. The Woman made no Scruple, but immediately put her into a Room, and *Ned* ran to *Long-Ditch*, where he remembered to have seen Womens

I

Clothes

Clothes hang out to sell ; he asked for every Thing necessary for a naked Woman, which being shewed him, and told their different Prices, he brought away the whole Apparatus for a Female.

Ned found *Kitty* had washed and prepared herself for the Clothes he brought. The good Woman furnished *Kitty* with the Articles proper for washing, and on *Ned's* Return introduced him to her ; *Kitty* smiled at the Sight of *Ned's* Burthen. The Landlady at that Moment seemed petrified with Amazement, but as soon as able cried out, Is it possible that you can be Miss *Clayton* ! Sure you are : O Madam, I have seen you a Child, and adored by your Mother, whose Servant I was. A thousand Times have I kissed those Lips ; little did I think you would suffer what you have. Saying this, the Woman wept copiously, and begged in some Shape to be serviceable to her. *Ned* then said he was glad to leave *Kitty* with an Acquaintance, whilst he went to inform his Master what he had done.

Mr. *Worthy* thought *Ned* stayed long, but when he heard a pathetic Description of *Kitty's* miserable Condition, he resolved to visit *Hillary* again, which he did before he dined, and found him in his

Bed

Bed with a Doctor in the Room. Old Mrs. *Ready*, the Landress, cried out to the Physician, O Sir, this is the Gentleman that has made my Master ill; let him be turned out of the Chambers. Mr. *Worthy*, without Ceremony, laid hold of her, and put her out of the Room, saying, Go you out first base Woman, or or I'll send you to the Place from whence I have just released one that deserved it less. The Wretch was frightened, and made no resistance. *Hillary* trembled in his Bed, and the Doctor began to expostulate with great Deliberation; but Mr. *Worthy* stopped him hastily, and said his Business was with that Sinner, pointing to *Hillary*, who with a frightened Aspect desired the Doctor to leave him a little. The Gentleman saw that he was intimidated, and judged him guilty of something that was not to be divulged, so left the Chambers, saying, he would return in an Hour. Mr. *Worthy* went to the Bed-side, and told *Hillary* what he had done; adding, that he should be prosecuted for false Imprisonment, and charging a poor Creature with a Robbery, when he had found his Things, and knew her innocent. Mr. *Worthy* had not rightly understood
that

that Part of the Story ; he thought *Hillary* had sworn the Robbery, tho' he had not prosecuted her ; his Violence in menacing made the guilty Wretch fear, and answer, that he was willing to make her all the Reparation in his Power. Mr. *Worthy* insisted on an immediate Execution of his Promise, for he feared he would die ; and before he left him saw a Gentleman receive Orders to draw a proper Instrument for an Annuity of Fifty Pounds a Year, payable from that Day, in quarterly Payments, during the Life of *Kitty* ; that Evening was appointed for the Signing and Delivery of the Deed, and *Kitty* was to meet Mr. *Worthy* there : He dispatched *Ned* to her with the News, which *Kitty* received with grateful Joy ; but how was her Heart agitated to think at the Confusion that must seize her, when the good, the abused Mr. *Worthy*, should plead her Cause, and vindicate her Elopement from the Wretch she was going to. Her Strength was decayed, and tho' her Spirits were elated for a little Time, yet before the appointed Hour she drooped so much, that the good Woman could scarcely keep her from fainting. *Ned* used all his Rhetoric to comfort her, and conveyed

veyed her in a Coach to *Gray's-Inn*. Mr. *Worthy* had been there some Time. The Deed was ready when she came into the Room, and the Business was soon finished. *Kitty's* Condition moved the Compassion of the good Mr. *Worthy*; Shame and Remorse overcame her. *Hil-lary* asked her Pardon, and gave her Twenty Guineas to live on till her Annuity became due. Mr. *Worthy* advised her to go into the Country, and live a regular Life where she was not known. She said that was her Intention, and indeed she was truly sensible of her Errors, and became an exemplary Penitent: She poured out a thousand Blessings on Mr. *Worthy*, and *Ned* again put her into the Coach which carried her back to the good Woman, whose daily Endeavour it was to recruit her Strength and Spirits, and to comfort her till she left *London*, which she did very soon, and went to her Mother to lament with her the Errors that her Education had subjected her to. Mr. *Worthy* found some Sparks of Repentance in Mr. *Hil-lary*, and endeavoured by severe Reproofs to bring him to a Sense of his Errors, and before he left him, a Clergyman was

was called in, who found *Hillary* in a penitent State, and striving to make some Atonement for his past Misconduct.

C H A P. XIX.

*All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n.*

MR. *Worthy* gave his Friends a short Account how he had been employed, which put them in Mind that something should be done for the young Woman, who lost her all by Fire; Mrs. *Basnet* had taken her into her Service, but *Fanny* desired now to have her as a Waiting Maid, and Sir *William* understanding how unfortunate she had been made her a handsome Present. *Ned* had for some Time admired this Girl, and when he saw his Master's Trouble over, began to think of enjoying some Pleasure in the Matrimonial Way: This he told Mr. *Worthy*, who answered him, that Poverty was a bad Introduction to Matrimony; But *Ned*, says he, you have my Consent, if you have got the Girl's. Indeed Sir, says *Ned*, your Affairs have so much engaged me, that I have not spent much Time in Courtship; but 'tis
Betty

Betty the Housemaid at Mrs. *Basnet*'s, that I have a Design upon, which oft by Hints I've given her to understand. Then you will rob your new Mistress, says the Squire, who has offered to take her from Mrs. *Basnet*: But let not this be an Hindrance to your Project; I'll speak for you, and engage to get you some Fortune with her.

Fanny now began to appear in the World, and her Beauty attracted the Admiration of the gazing Crowd. Mr. *Worthy* had several Rivals, and Sir *William* several Proposals, and among the rest the young Nobleman who had before addressed *Charlotte*; he was in Reality charmed with *Fanny*, and shewed a visible Concern when he heard that she was engaged. This mortified both Lady *Forrester* and her Daughter; but those Ladies seemed quite neglected, while *Fanny* was adored.

Mr. *Basnet* managed the Affair with Mr. *Vamtrey*, and after much Trouble *Charlotte* was, according to the Forms of Law, an unmarried Lady again. Mrs. *Artwell* and her Brother were exposed, and ever after looked upon with Contempt; and now no obstacle was in the
Way

Way of Mr. *Worthy's* Happiness ; he pressed that the Union might be soon, but *Fanny*, contrary to the Sentiments of her Heart, began to shuffle a little, and desired that her Nuptials might be deferred until she had *Harriot* and Mr. *Weldon* to keep her in Countenance. No more Shilly Shally, says Sir *William* ; *Worthy* shall have thee To-morrow. With all our Hearts, cried Mrs. *Weldon* and Mrs. *Bafnet* : Let us get it over. In vain did *Fanny* blush, and beg for only one Day longer. The Ladies laughed at her. The next Morning was fixed on ; the Time came, and *Fanny* was made a Bride, much to the Joy of Sir *William*, but more to Mr. *Worthy*, who cast off Care, and seemed to possess every Thing in *Fanny*. *Fanny* exulted in silent Joy, but Sir *William* would not restrain himself, tho' his Lady shewed a manifest Displeasure at his Excess ; she and *Charlotte* were the only unhappy in the Family. Mrs. *Lockhart* gave Thanks to Providence for rewarding the virtuous *Fanny*.

Mrs. *Weldon* with her Son and Daughter enjoyed the real Satisfaction of seeing so happy an Event effected by their Means. Sir *William* gave Miss *Brown* the thousand

sand Pounds he had promised her some Days after the Wedding. Thus was she made as happy as ruined Virtue and wounded Fame could be: She had nothing to fear but a Separation from *Fanny*, which gave her some Uneasiness, but it was soon removed by the Gratitude and Affection of that Lady, for she desired Mrs. *Weldon* to spare her the Companion of her Sorrow, that she might partake in her Joy.

Ned was married on the same Day that his Master was; he received handsome Presents upon the Account, and both his Wife and he desired to go with the Family into the Country, which was agreed to by Mr. *Worthy*, who delivered to *Ned* a Hundred Pound Bank Note from a Quarter he little expected good to flow. Mr. *Worthy* on visiting *Hillary* told him that the Spirit of Matrimony had spread in his Household; that *Ned* was married to the Girl in whose House *Fanny* had lodged before the House was burnt. Oh Sir, said Mr. *Hillary*, you put me in Mind of a Sin I am ashamed to mention, but take this Bank Note, and give it the Girl: I was the Cause of the Loss she sustained; the Fire was not Casual: Let me

The A U C T I O N. 193

me make her this Reparation, which I hope will in some Degree expiate the Crime I then committed towards this Girl and her Mother.

C H A P. XX.

*O Woman !——Let the Libertine decry
 Rail at the virtuous Love he never felt,
 Nor wish'd to feel—Among the Sex there are
 Numbers as greatly good, as they are fair.*

MR. *Weldon* having heard that his Friend *Worthy* was married, set out for *London*, accompanied by his Father and the Ladies. The Night he arrived a Messenger was dispatched to Mr. *Worthy*, who next Morning visited his Friend before he was well dressed: The Gentlemen embraced with sincere affection. Mr. *Weldon* was beginning to ask Pardon, but Mr. *Worthy* interrupted him, saying, No Apologies, dear *Weldon*; don't make me recollect one Thought that will break in upon my more than Happiness. O *Weldon*, I am married to *Fanny*; the lovely, the virtuous *Fanny* has for ever blest me! but hold, I had forgot you loved her, and were so generous; that 'twould be cruel to aggravate your sorrow. Mr *Weldon* then said, Hold, my Friend, give me your Hand, and I'll swear upon it, that I
 am

am as happy as yourself: My *Harriot*, O *Worthy*, I had struggled hard to forget her, and as your lovely *Fanny* is possessed of more Charms than all her Sex, excepting my *Harriot*; I thought I loved her, but now find it was only the Strength of united Beauty and Virtue that overcame me, and not Love, tho' very like it; for when I saw my *Harriot* again, Pity first, and then Love took full Possession of my Soul; and the dear Creature has now consented to be my own. Mr. *Worthy* congratulated his Friend, and promised that Afternoon to bring his *Fanny*, and visit him and *Harriot* without Ceremony. *Harriot* was so well acquainted with the History of these Lovers, that she wished to become intimate with them. *Fanny* was in a brilliant Dress when she made this Visit; her Beauty was dazzling, few excelled or equalled her; nor did the lovely *Harriot* appear without her Charms; she had an ineffable Sweetness in her smiles, and when she spoke, every one listened; but her Lover seemed with Transport to drink the pleasing Tale. These two Ladies seemed to love each other by Instinct; a Friendship immediately commenced, which was cemented by a further Knowledge of the many Virtues which each possessed. *Fanny's*

Example and Mr. *Weldon's* Arguments prevailed on *Harriot* to repeat the Nuptial Ceremony, sooner than Custom allows to be decent; but in her it was excusable. The now happy Parents saw the Accomplishment of all their Wishes in this Union, and *Harriot's* Father-in-Law dying soon after, left her in the quiet Possession of Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year. Mrs. *Lockhart* with Mr. *Basnet* and his Lady went down into *Yorkshire* with Sir *William* and the happy Pair. Mrs. *Weldon* with her Son and Daughter, together with Mr. and Mrs *Goodwin*, accompanied Mr. *Weldon* and his Lady to their House, which the old Gentleman had very opportunely quitted the Possession of. *Harriot* went with Joy to *Newbury*, which before she had so much cause to hate. Here Mr. *Weldon* enjoyed his Fortune with proper Oeconomy; his *Harriot* gave him an Heir the first Year, which increased (if an Increase was possible) their Happiness.

The Rejoicings at *Park Forrest* upon the Arrival of Sir *William's* Family were such as gave new Mortification to Lady *Forrester* and her Daughter, for now there was no Restraint; every Body spoke freely in Praise of *Fanny*, but *Charlotte's* Fate seemed reversed, little Notice being taken

taken of her. Lady *Forrester* languished about a Year after she reached Home, and then died of something like a broken Heart. *Charlotte* was inconsolable; she had no Friend in the world: Her Aunt *Worthy* purely out of Compassion, without one Grain of Regard, took her to live with her. Sir *William*, as if he seemed to divest himself of all care about her, gave up her fortune, which was Twelve Thousand Pounds, and then reserving an Annuity of Four Hundred Pounds a Year for himself, he put Mr. *Worthy* into the full Possession of his whole Fortune, and now *Fanny* being happy herself, began to think of the Misery of others, and as far as her Power extended to relieve all the distressed. Sir *William* and Mr. *Worthy* saw with Pleasure the Benignity of her Disposition, and supplied her with the Money necessary to do it; she remembered Miss *White* as the only young Lady that had persevered in shewing a Regard for her, at the Expence of Lady *Forrester* and *Charlotte's* Displeasure; she had been lately married to a neighbouring Gentleman, but that did not prevent the renewing of the Acquaintance, which had before subsisted betwixt the Ladies. Mr *Weldon's* Family and Mr. *Basnet's* settled a Plan with Mr. *Worthy*

by which the three Families were to see each other every Year, either in London, or at one of their Houses. Mrs. *Lockhart*, with Mrs. *Weldon* and Sir *William*, all lived to a good old Age, and died in Peace, leaving their Descendants happy. Sir *William*, notwithstanding he had made it a Rule to give a hundred Pounds every Year in Charities and Benevolences, had two thousand Pounds to give his eldest Grand-Daughter when she married: This young Lady he was particularly fond of; he had desired that she might be named *Elizabeth*, after his first Lady. *Charlotte* lived some Years with her Aunt, but never married, and dying before her Father, she left her Fortune to Mrs. *Wortby*; at whose Death both that and a considerable Jointure fell to Mr. *Wortby*, whose Inclination to relieve the distressed increased with his Ability. Whenever the happy Pair left their House, they were surrounded with Well-Wishers. The married Ladies were nam'd as worthy Imitation, which prevail'd on some single Men grown rusty in Batchelorism, to reform their Conduct, and seek out for Wives, being convinced
*That Woman, tender, amiable and constant,
 Is Virtue's best Reward.* 4 DE 58

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